

JOHN BULL

No. 3422. No. 342.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1914.

TWENTYFOUR

Edited by CHARLES WILLEY

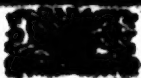
DRINK
AND
ENJOY

LIPTON'S
TEA

GREATEST
FREE
HOME
INSURANCE

*The Crime
of being
Married!*
by CLEMENCE DANE

By Appointment



to H.M. the King

The Safe Milk in the Summer

If it's Nestlé's it's safe. That is as true in midsummer as midwinter. Whatever the risks from germs in the ordinary milk supply Nestlé's is never affected. Always fresh, always pure, always the best milk for any and every purpose. Nestlé's Milk on your holidays will protect you against an uncertain milk supply anywhere.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Cash Prices 6d. and 11d. per tin.

Every tin of Nestlé's is rich, full-cream milk carefully secured at every stage against contamination. It is produced from the milk of selected herds and not from ordinary milk that is surplus to the requirements of the public.

Demand Nestlé's — always. It serves you right! ALL WAYS.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

Nestlé's Swiss Milk is now sold in collapsible Aluminium tubes at 7½d. per tube. If you cannot obtain these tubes locally, send 7½d. with name and address of your usual Grocer and we will send you 1 dozen direct, and post free.

Just as reliable
always but un-
sweetened is

"IDEAL"

(The Everyday Milk)

Packed by Nestlé's

4½d. and 8d.

If Your Home Caught Fire To-night

would you be faced with total loss, or are you amply protected? How much insurance do you carry? If insured with a Company or daily paper, is that insurance enough? Remember that "JOHN BULL" offers you further benefits and additional security. Why not get this extra protection? It costs you nothing.

Whether you carry insurance or not, you should sign the forms below now.

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.	£500 —if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£300 —damage by fire.	£250 or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£800 —death of husband and wife due to fire.	£10 —Medical Fees.
£300 —in case of death of one under similar circumstances.	£8 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£250 or £125 —in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.	£2 per week maximum rent during re-instatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).
£100 —damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.	Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel, or Boarding House.
£100 —damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.	£250 —loss of life.
£500 —damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.	£250 —loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£300 —damage by riots and civil commotion.	£125 —loss of one limb or one eye.
£100 —damage by storm, tempest or flood.	£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.
£100 —damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.	£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.
£1,000 —in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.	

You can post your Coupon for 1d. row. Sign to-day!

J.B. 22/7/22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL"
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name (IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

See 1d. Stamp. Don't cut envelope. Date..... A full Policy entitling registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

J.B. 22/7/22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Date.....

1,027 Insurance Claims Paid.

JOHN BULL

Greatest FREE Home Insurance in the World
OVER

1,000 CLAIMS PAID

Total Now 1,027.

Already over one thousand claims paid! Here is proof positive of the real value of JOHN BULL'S Greatest Free Home Insurance. It goes to show the vital necessity for every reader to register who has not yet done so. Don't be caught unawares, but play for safety by signing the forms on this page NOW.

Mr. NORWICH —Mrs. J. ANDREWS, Mulbarton. Damage to Clothing and Furnishings.	CO. MONAGHAN —J. MURPHY, Corraught, Corraught P.O.
NOTTINGHAM —W. R. ALLWOOD, 30, Belle Vue Road. Damage to Furnishings.	BRADFORD —Mrs. MITCHELL, 722, Wakefield Road.
Mr. LEEDS —Mrs. J. BURNETT, 3, Coop Street, Rakes Lane, Hirstall. Damage to Clothing.	GLAUGHTON —Mrs. A. BISHOP, 1, Prospect Grove.
NEWBURY —F. J. BURNETT, 3, Heston Road, Heston. Damage to Clothing.	STIRLING —A. ANDERSON, Ochil View, Ochil Road, Ochil.
EDINBURGH —J. FAIRBAIRN, 31, Broughton Place. Damage to Clothing.	STOCK-ON-TRENT —Mrs. JACKSON, 51, Oyle Street, Stanton.
GILLINGHAM —E. H. CAVE, 3, Connaught Road. Damage to Clothing.	LIVERPOOL —Mrs. PHILLIPS, 32, Oakwood Road.
BIRMINGHAM —Mrs. STANTON, 5/6, Sherborne Street, Ladywood. Damage to Clothing.	ROBINSON —Mrs. K. STARKES, 15, Southwood Road.
TREBOCHY —S. WALKER, T. MURRAY, 145, Yarrow Road. Damage to Clothing.	GLASGOW —Mrs. H. JOYCE, 19, Martyr Road, Torrance.
SALTOOTH —H. ALLISON, 4, Kingsgate. Damage to Clothing.	BEDFORD —Mrs. GOSNOLD, 23, Hebbon Road, West Street.
GLASGOW —A. MURRAY, 6, Kendalworth Place, Farnham Cross, Bathgates. Damage to Clothing.	LARKHALL —J. RIND, 25, Drygate Street.
HUDDERFIELD —H. H. DYSON, 27, Victoria Avenue, Royds Wood. Damage to Clothing.	DAMMERWELL —S. E. COOK, 23, Moles Road.
BURST WATER PIPES.	BLACKBATH —S. E. COOK, 23, Moles Road.
GLASGOW —Mrs. J. BUCHANAN, 4, Clacha Street, Ibrox. Damage to Linoleum.	Mr. HUGHES —Mrs. H. BARKLEY, Morris's Cottages, South St. Peter.
STORM.	HOUGHTON LE SPRING —A. HART, 30, Holmes Street.
HOVLAK —Mrs. C. SIMPSON, 47, Alderley Road. Damage to Furnishings.	Mr. WALSHINGHAM —Mrs. E. WARREN, 2, Regent Cottages.
HOME ACCIDENTS (£2 per week).	SAFFRON WALDEN —W. C. BAILEY, 1, Lynton Hill, Wenden.
LEEDS —Mrs. E. WOOD, 14, Bartle Street, Beckett Street.	LEICESTER —C. NICHOLS, 4, East Goscoe Street.
HOME ACCIDENTS (£1 per week).	WIGAN —F. ALLAN, 41, Park View.
HYTHE —Mrs. COVENEY, 4, Oylender Cottages, Saltwood.	HULL —Mrs. H. LUNDY, 43, Beecroft Street, St. George's Road.
Mr. EXETER —Mrs. M. J. DINEY, Pitt Cottages, Exminster.	RUGBY —F. COLEMAN, 97, York Street.
FELLING-ON-TYNE —J. W. LIGHTFOOT, 4, Dixon Terrace.	LEICESTERSHIRE —S. BURN, 3, Silver Street, Walsby.
	BLISWORTH —Mrs. TAYLOR, 3, Richmond Road.
	BRISTOL —A. T. BARRY, 4, Bloomsbury Buildings, St. James.
	MAIDSTONE —E. J. CLARK, 4, Thornhill Place.
	W. ORYDON —Mrs. DUFF, 12, Sutherland Road.
	WALTHAMSTOW —A. R. BURTON, 67, Elm Road.
	LIVERPOOL —Mrs. MORLEY, 36, Cowper Street, South.

1/- FREE GIFT COUPON

JOHN BULL'S Insurance Claims have now passed the thousand mark, and to commemorate the occasion we are presenting FREE, to registered readers only, a 1/- FREE GIFT PEN COUPON. This entitles you to any of the pens illustrated at One Shilling less than the usual price, viz.:-

No. 1. "STANDARD" Model. Thoroughly useful, worth 1/6; with coupon, 1/5.

No. 2. "DE LUXE" Model, hand, costly chased. Price 4/6; with coupon 2/6.

No. 3. "SAFETY" Model, can be carried in any position. Price 4/-; with coupon, 3/-.

No. 4. "LIVERPOOL FILLING" Model, lever filling action, screw cap; worth 1/6. Price 4/6; with coupon, 3/6.

All the above fitted with 14 ct. solid gold nibs, iridium tipped.

No. 5. STYLE. Equal to any on the market. Price 2/6; with coupon, 2/6.

State whether fine, medium or broad nib is required.

If you have not yet registered do so now, enclosing gift coupon along with your registration form. Readers already registered should, if possible, quote registration number.

1/- FREE GIFT COUPON to Registered Readers.

This Coupon is worth One Shilling and will be accepted in part payment of any pen listed above. If already registered quote registration number if possible.

Address: Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Forms on this Page. Register Now!



THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.

MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Businessmen. Remnants, Drapery, Ready-made, Travelers' Samples, Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide. Drapery, Books, etc.—H. Marks, 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENTS wanted for popular Key Cycle and Accident Insurance. Premium 2/- yearly. Registration Manager, Mutual Insurance, 159, Old Portland Street, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

IF YOU CAN AFFORD to spend 25, we offer you an UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY of Building your own Business. GOOD RESULTS PROVED. Interesting particulars with Editorial opinions of Scheme sent free.—Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

25 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 50/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levine, (Dept. J.B.), 145, Houndsditch, London.

SPARE-TIME MONEY.—For straightforward proposition, write J.B., Charleston, 17, Water Lane, E.C.3.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 5/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 8/6; Samples free.—Winkill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

RETAILERS' BARGAINS.

CAMERAS at Bargain Prices.—Lists free for postage. Agents for Zeiss Binoculars. Fine prism glasses from 6/6. Developing and printing return post. Exchange approval.—Wallace Hutton, Ltd., 119, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CYCLISTS!—The Fitzpatrick new edition of "Highways and Byways" is more interesting than ever. Customers "Sabbaged" at the unthinkable value of "Captain" Cycles! Tyres of first-class quality at staggering prices! Thousands of accessories. Just two words, "Catalogue, please," and this mighty big book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models, post free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

CYCLISTS!—The biggest and Best Buying Guide published is yours absolutely free. If you want the rock-bottom market secure this Monster 144-page book NOW. Staggering reduction in Cycles, Accessories, and particularly Tyres—all competitors completely surpassed. Post address postcard to Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 52, Padham, Burnley.

THE MANDELLE Camera takes permanent photographs direct on to postcards and composites the photographs in one minute; no plates, film, printing, or dark-room required. Full instructions with every camera. Price 25/10s. with tripod, 15 cards, and concentrated developer. Pamphlet free on request.—A. E. Norton, 259, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CASEMENT CURTAININGS. PATTERNS post free. Hemstitched, inserted, from 11/6 per yard. Also Coloured Fadeless Curtains, 2/- in & discount this week.—Ludlow, 51, The Looms, Bradford.

EVERY woman sending 52/6 for our Enamel Kitchen Outfit (18 pieces) saves 17/6 shop profit. Send 52/6 to-day.—Direct Sales Service, 274, Oxford Street, Manchester.

BLANKETS.—Beautiful all-wool white Blankets, full size, super-quality, 8 lb., 25/- pair, carr. pd., 48/6 & 2 prs. Splendid bargain for winter. Buy now.—J. Crossley, 42, Pershore Street, Birmingham.

FREE FOR A POSTCARD.—A wonderful illustrated book of 3,000 Bargains and Free Gifts. It's packed with sensational examples of the saving you secure by buying Jewellery, Watches, and Plate direct, at next to Factory Prices. Send your address to H. Samuel, and the book is yours by return. 6 Tea Knives, assorted coloured handles, sterling silver-plated blades, 6/9, postage 4d. extra, worth double. Gent's Gold Albert, 52s., worth 25/10s. Write now for the Free Book. A full month's trial with every article.—H. SAMUEL, Ltd. (established over half a century), 189, Market Street, Manchester.

A POSTCARD will bring you price-list and easy terms for Watches, Rings, Cycles, Suits, Raincoats, Boots, Baby Cars, Cutlery, &c., on easy terms from 3/- monthly. Send a postcard to Masters, Ltd., 85, Hope Street, Rye.

DRESS.

SUIT Lengths and Costume Gabardine. Any length cut. Patts. free. The Bradford Tweed Co., Dept. 10, 1, Manchester Road, Bradford.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SPORTS WEAR.—Blazers (Nigger Brown or 'Varsity Blue), 25/-; Sports Coats (Grey or Brown Tweeds, 19/6; Flannel Trousers (White) 15/6, (grey) 14/6.—Geo. Weston & Co. (Dept. J.B.), West House, Laverne Road, Hounslow, Middlesex. Money back if not satisfied. Write for Art Catalogue, free on request.

GLOVE LEATHER.—Sale price, 2/6 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

MUSICAL.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer: 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 31, Newman Street, W.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Champs, South Street, E.C.3.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WINDOW DRESSING.—A highly-paid, artistic and interesting profession. Postal tuition, low fees. Booklet free.—Dept. 30, Phoenix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motor-ing, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ACCOUNTANCY and SECRETARIAL CLASSES now forming for the December exams.—For full particulars of oral and correspondence tuition, apply Cusack's College, Ltd., Finsbury Square, E.C.2.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand, Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free.—Dutton's College, Desk J., 92-3, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

NEW Easy Way to Learn to Draw.—You can now learn to draw the Human Figure in a remarkably short time by an entirely new simplified method of correspondence tuition.—Write for booklet to Mr. J. Eaton-Blair, Studio E.6, 11 New Court, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2.

A CAREER THAT PAYS.—Advertisement Writing and Publicity Work. Either sex can earn £10 weekly in spare time. Write for particulars and free lesson to Room H.12, Shaw Institute, 1, Montague Street, W.C.1.

DON'T Be Bullied. Send 4d. in stamps for splendid illus. Lams, or 3/6 for big portion of "Course."—Dept. J.B., 31, Golden Sq., W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS.—Be your own doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets remove the cause, and will positively and permanently cure the worst case. No fasting, dieting, purging. Taken any time. Safe for children, aged, any condition of health. Generous supply 1/6 post free. Sold under JOHN BULL's guarantee printed above.—Send to-day, RIDYARD TABLET CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 34-38, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, Shyness, Blushing.—Interesting book, describing genuine self-cure, sent privately, 3d.—Henry Rivers (Desk 34), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

HOW to stop Smoking. Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. Particulars free.—The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Hackton Road, London, S.W.6.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

DOUGLAS, I.O.M.—Chadwick's "Claremont," Loch Frennede. Ideal position, near landing pier, G.P.O. and Amusements. Board, res. Reasonable charges.—Write for Tariff B.

A WEEK IN LONDON under £10.—Good Hotel, full board. Theatres, Music Halls, conducted sightseeing in small private parties: all arranged and paid.—Write London Holidays Co., 38, King Street, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARE you interested in Competitions? Are you getting a share of the £1,000 prizes, or are you unsuccessfully struggling along? Write to-day, mentioning this paper for a free copy of the New Competition Paper, to "Editor, King's Own," 12, Richmond Road, Epsom.

A £3 : 3 : 0

ALL-WOOL GUARANTEED

SPORTS COAT TO MEASURE 30/-

The "REAL" THING
in SPORTS COATS.

J. DIMMOCK

The Famous Hotspur in his

ALL-WOOL BARRY SPORTS COAT.

The finest value in the world. The best trimmings. The best cloth. The best finish ever offered anywhere in the world at the price.

An Unparalleled Guarantee.

If for any reason whatsoever you do not consider this 30/- Sports Coat to measure the finest value you have ever enjoyed, return the Coat and we will refund not only the 30/- but 2/6 in addition to compensate you for your loss of time. Dare we make such an offer, we ask, if we could not thoroughly live up to what we claim?



Other Barry Specialities, all to Measure, are as follows:—

(We are the only large firm of mail order tailors positively
doing NO READY-MADE Suit or Overcoat Trade.)

£26 : 6 : 0 ALL WOOL INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK BLUE SERGE SUIT to measure £3 : 10 : 0 Certified All-Wool by Bradford Corporation Testing House Certificate.	£26 : 6 : 0 PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT The sure guarantee. To measure £3 : 10 : 0 The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.	£10 : 10 : 0 PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS The choicest products of our very best English Mills. £5 : 5 : 0 To measure Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.
---	--	---

£4 : 4 : 0 PURE NEW WOOL SUIT to measure for £2 : 10 : 0 Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.	£12 : 12 : 0 BOND STREET DRESS SUIT for £6 : 6 : 0 The Perfection of Evening Dress Wear.
---	--

FREE SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS OF ALL THESE WONDERFUL VALUES OUR SELF-MEASURE CHART.

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT CHART (The Silent Tailor) when from your own measures we guarantee your complete satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us but 2/6 more than has been paid.

All Orders are Despatched within Seven to Ten Days Entirely at our Risk

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

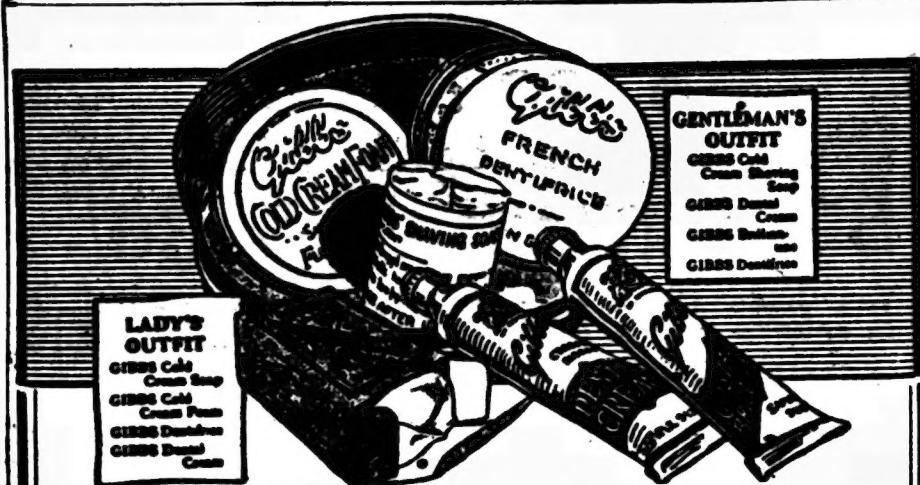
S. A. BARRY & CO.,

Call or Write.

EXCLUSIVE MEASURE TAILORS,

(Dept J.B.) 26, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminals.)

Telephone Number for Free Patterns: Clerkenwell 4209.



Gibbs Birthday Gift to you FREE

WE are celebrating our 210th Birthday and the introduction of the new size 1/- Gibbs Dentifrice by giving delightful presents to all our friends. Here is your opportunity to try the far-famed Gibbs Dentifrice at an economy never before equalled, and at the same time to get the gift of

This Week-end Toilet Case from your Chemist FREE

It is a handsome little enamelled case containing dainty packages of Gibbs Toilet Preparations—sufficient to last you many week-ends. There is one week-end case for Ladies and Children and another for Gentlemen. When its contents are gone the case itself makes a neat travelling soap box.

How to get your Gift.

Buy from your chemist one of the new size Gibbs Dentifrice at 1/-, or any two of Gibbs other productions, and ask him for your gift, lady's or gentleman's—whichever you prefer.

If your chemist is out of stock,

attach the Hygiene Certificate (or Certificates) as mentioned in the coupon below, fill in the coupon and post to us. You will then receive your week-end case, post paid, by return.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—Defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

Large size, 1/- De Luxe, 1/6.
Refills for above, 11d.

Popular size, 7½d.
Tubes, 7½d. and 1/-

From your Chemist.

----- Birthday Gift Coupon -----

Positively not valid after July 28th, 1922.

Gentlemen: I have attached to this coupon "ONE Hygiene Certificate from Gibbs 1/- size Dentifrice or "TWO Hygiene Certificates from Gibbs other Productions. Please send me FREE Week End Case for *Lady/Gentleman as I have been unable to obtain it from

Name and Address of Chemist.....

*Strike out words that do not apply.

Your Own Name.....

Address.....

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 2813), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.

July 28th, 1922, is the last day of this offer.

Buy your Gibbs Toilet Preparations at once to be in time to get your Gift.

YOURS for 1/-

ANOTHER RECORD BARGAIN.

500 HALL MARKED SOLID

SILVER WRIST WATCHES

OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS

ON UNHEARD OF BARGAIN TERMS.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION AND

WONDERFUL OFFER

Ladies' English Hall-Marked Wrist Watch, small, neat and

dainty design as illustrated, complete with expanding Bracelet.

Fitted with highest quality jewelled Bar movement, accurately

timed, and carefully tested before dispatch. Each Watch fully

guaranteed for five years.

ALSO GENT'S SIZE SAME PRICE.

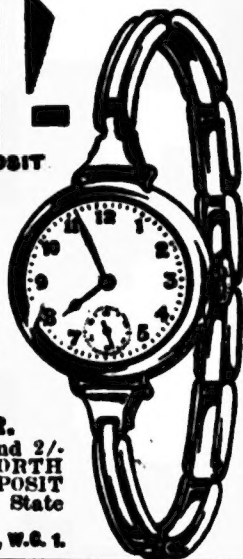
DON'T MISS THIS REMARKABLE OFFER.

*ent on receipt of 1/- deposit. AFTER receipt you pay 2/- and 2/- monthly until only 30/- is paid. Cash price only 27/6; WORTH 23/3/0. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR DEPOSIT

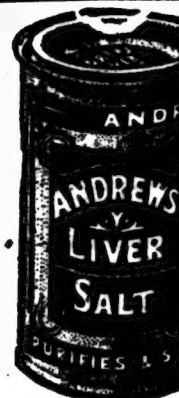
RETURNED IN FULL. SEND P.O. or STAMPS NOW. State

whether Lady's or Gent's Watch required.

WOMEN WATCH CO. (Dept. 28), Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. 1.



The Saline with the largest U.K. Sale



Keeping well is wiser than falling ill and getting better again. Andrews' is used by countless families for the purpose of keeping well. Its efficiency may be gauged by the fact that it has reached the largest Sale.

4-oz. (NET) USUAL SIZE 10d.

8-oz. (NET) FAMILY SIZE 1/5

Andrews' is sparkling, cooling, refreshing and pleasant-tasting. Children like it. For all ages and both sexes, its gentle cleansing action commends it for regular purchase. You can depend upon Andrews' to correct life's minor ills.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Stores everywhere. Get the genuine Andrews' in the familiar Green Tin.

SAVE MONEY—BUY DIRECT

Women's WARD SHOE, made in good Glace Leather, with leather sole and rubber heel. The best and most comfortable house shoe.



Write for New Catalogue. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.

JOHN NEEDHAM, All-Leather Works, LEICESTER.

THE CENTRE OF THE SHOE INDUSTRY.

Banish Nervous Fears with Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Flatulence, Nerves and Dizziness

Indigestion that Ruined Health and Working Capacity. Strength Restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. J. Harding, of 31, Maysoule Road, Plough Road, Battersea, London, S.W.11, says:—"About a year ago I began to feel out of sorts. I could not enjoy food and was very nervous. This got worse, and soon there was pain after everything I ate. I went dizzy with it, too, and as my work is in connection with the erection of iron structures and I have to climb high, this was a serious matter for me. I became afraid to go up a ladder. Another trouble was flatulence. It nearly choked me. I felt as though someone was gripping my throat and squeezing it tight. Everything I looked at seemed to be going round. I had advice and medicine time and again, but it was all no use.

"At last a friend advised me to get Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I did. Then I got rid of the wind, and began to enjoy my food again. Soon all the indigestion was gone, and my nerves were steady. Now I can run about on the tops of buildings and do my work with the best."



Mr. J. H. Harding.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 3/-

1/5 the smaller size.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown
Headache
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Neurasthenia

Anemia
Faintness
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness
Wasting

Especially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets make weak men strong and strong men stronger.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured under the supervision of skilled chemists in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the Empire, by The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

FOLDING CARD TABLE



Polished Oak Frame
Green Baize Top

22" x 22"

7/6 each, Carriage Paid.

SEND FOR LIST OF FOLDING OAK TEA-TABLES, FOLDING OAK CHAIRS, Etc.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., STONY STRATFORD, BUCKS.

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 400A "Mead" bicycle—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; rigidly assembled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory rolled mounts. Tyres and accessories 35% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

Mead
Cycle Company, (Inc.), (Dep. 2487), Birmingham.

£5.15 CASH

JOHN BULL

93, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: GERRARD 9066
Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

For the People—
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on
which the Sun
:: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.



Sir Hamar Othello Greenwood.

The Irish Chief Secretary's occupation is gone. In his spare time he has taken to carpentry. Is he making a Bench for Mr. Shortt?

A Good Tip.

The Autumn Session will begin in November and run up to Christmas. This will probably be denied, but it is so.

Camouflage.

Lord Derby would have us believe that his action on the fabric gloves question is not political. This is rather like "Mr. Edwards' visit to Dublin.

Mesopot Boiling Up.

"A certain liveliness" is indicated by the news from Bagdad, though Mr. Churchill no longer favours his old phrase. King Feisul's pleurisy, in any case, is said to be due to his having inadvertently intercepted a bullet. They take life easily, and often, in Irak.

All Along the Line.

When will the railway managers of this country take their courage in both hands and follow the reduction in goods rates by a corresponding reduction for passengers? A new Clearing House maxim: None but the brave deserve the fare.

Irish Stew.

"Now," said an Irishman, when the British troops were withdrawn, "we can get on with our fighting in peace." We may not understand this attitude, but there it is. The difference between an Englishman and an Irishman is usually the Irishman.

The Premier "At Home."

According to his wife, what the Premier wants more than anything else is peace at home and abroad. The difficulties abroad we know; we hope the domestic troubles are less complicated and insistent. Is Home Rule for Ireland merely a preliminary to Home Rule at 10, Downing Street?

After The Hague.

Tenders are now invited from seaside resorts at home and abroad for the next International Conference. And the least expensive will not necessarily be accepted.

Cut Off the Gas.

Why will not M.P.s realise that business men, the homeless and the unemployed do not care a tinker's curse about the reform of the House of Lords, and get on with the real business?

Short Notices.

Mr. Shortt naively admits that he does not know who stencilled the London pavements with the admonition "Walk to the Left." He is more concerned at present with the hand-writing on the wall.

Free, Not Gratis.

It is going to cost the Irish Free State something like three millions to raise a new Sackville Street from the ruins of the old. A despondent Irish taxpayer asks if it is to be called Sackcloth-and-ashes Street.

It Makes Us Tired.

An "Overseas Englishman" is telling us that the English are "the laziest white race on the planet." It isn't clever—and it isn't true. Otherwise we are too lazy to take exception to the remark.

The Undesired Haven.

Somebody ought to speak pretty sharply to the British shipowners who, without the excuse of a strike, are sending their ships to German ports to be overhauled. Charity should begin at home, not at Hamburg. And what we want to do is to search the German pockets, not to fill them.

Misunderstanding.

An American visitor has noticed that a lot of Londoners have lean bodies and thin legs. A piqued Londoner retorts that he has noticed a lot of visitors about with obese bodies and thick heads. This is not altogether unmeasured kindness.

The Cabinet Heat-Wave.

Do Cabinet Ministers rehearse the smile they always put on when leaving the Prime Minister's official residence and facing the waiting battery of Press cameras? If so, it must be a special effort after the stormy scenes that have recently been enacted inside, when burning questions have led to some super-heated discussions.

Their Motto.

The Coalition motto: "What shall it profit a man if he keeps his principles and loses his job?"

Sunday Games.

The L.C.C. are to be congratulated on their decision to permit Sunday games in the Parks. The division was a big defeat for the advocates of gloom. Other authorities, please copy.

Second on the List?

The office of Genl. Prescott-Decies is but a few yards from the hostel used by a man who has already been sentenced for violence in Ireland. Is it necessary to give the authorities further warning?

Advance, Australia!

Oscar Asche and his wife, together with other theatrical stars, are going to Australia and taking "Cairo" along. Panting geography toils after them in vain. Incidentally the Asches will bring home "the dust."

A Counter-Attack.

Fish delivered in London at under a penny a pound is being sold in the shops at eightpence a pound. Is it beyond the ingenuity of man in general, and Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen in particular, to find out who it is that pockets this outrageous difference?

Bonar Again.

Mr. Bonar Law made a very interesting speech the other day at a private gathering. His utterances were not for publication, but if any of our readers had been privileged to hear him they would have understood the importance of our tip—Watch Bonar Law.

Chance for the Treasury.

Sir William Watson Rutherford, M.P., was Chairman of the Committee which considered the Trade Union Bill. Its meetings were like a bear garden. Members called each other by names they recognised. Why wasn't the Entertainments Duty imposed?

A Double Event.

Congratulations to the British soldier who when unarmed was set upon by half a dozen Germans at Passau Station and laid them out in a row on the platform. This soldier should be promoted, and the "superior" who sent him in uniform and without arms across Germany should be promoted backwards.

The reductions in the police force, especially in London, have brought the numbers down almost to danger point. With so many ex-soldiers still unemployed, the axe should be suspended in this case.

A Stage Direction.

Billy Merson advises his fellow music-hall artistes to stick to their salaries. (Loud applause). The managers continue to be disgruntled. They demand that the stars should earn them as well as stick to them.

A Kill-Joy Council.

The grey-beards of East Ham Council have refused to permit the use of a recreation ground for Sunday games, and also declined the offer of local cinema proprietors to give shows on four Sundays, guaranteeing £400 to the London Hospital Appeal. If they could stop the sun from shining on the Sabbath they would be still happier about their pious achievements.

Overdoing It.

We admire his pluck, but we strongly disapprove of young George Edwards' plan to walk from London to Brighton in an attempt to break his own self-styled juvenile record of 10 hrs. 58 mins. 36 4-5 secs. Such a feat is too great a strain for the strength of a child of ten. No recognised sporting body would permit such an entrant.

Let 'Em Dance.

Under the baton of Mr. Harold Carr, Harrogate's Musical Director, the listening audience suddenly began to dance on the Council's lawn. None sorrowed or complained except two or three Councillors, who made enough fuss to get dancing strictly prohibited. By 12 votes to 7 the Councillors have now altered their minds, so dancing will proceed. Not therefore in vain is it written that youth will have its fling.

Weigh Your Bread.

There seems to be a short-weight epidemic among bakers. In Highgate three were fined recently in one day. Inspectors in other parts of London should also be getting busy.

A R.A.M.C. Grumble.

R.A.M.C. men are grouching at the fact that of the money subscribed for their War Memorial the relations of the fallen get £1,500 between them, while the Westminster Abbey Restoration Fund gets £10,000. We should like to see the figures reversed.

A Postal Disorder.

A villager from Burwash, Sussex, informs us that he was unable to get a sixpenny postal order, as the local office had none for less than 3s. 6d. in stock. If the Postmaster General has any reasonable explanation to offer of this extraordinary state of things, we should like to have it.

Vanity—or Adventure?

There is a very large number of genuine chorus girls out of a "shop" at present; and so long as the "smart" amateur is favoured by the management their prospects of employment is not rosy. Is it that the Society girl is guided by vanity, or urged by a desire for adventure? Or does she see in the stage an easy road to a rich marriage?

Judge and Jury.

We are in cordial agreement with Lords Justices Bankes, Scrutton and Atkin that the right of parties in civil cases to have their actions tried by juries should not have been lightly taken away. As Lord Justice Bankes emphasised, juries in civil cases have proved themselves a great safeguard against many forms of wrong and oppression. It is not just for modern law to take away the old right of a civil party to a jury.

A Welcome Bouquet.

Our compliments and thanks to Mr. Ambassador Harvey, U.S.A. Things in England, he tells his countrymen, are getting better and better—unemployment down from 23 to 14 per cent. in six months, doles reduced by £400,000 in the same period. As Mr. Asquith used to say, without doing much to help, "We are getting on!"

Funny Humour.

It has been said that the Hun has no sense of humour. In war we admit he is no joke; but in peace, at any rate in this peace, he is about the funniest thing alive. What other human creature, owing another half-a-crown, more or less, would suggest that his creditor should lend him another half-a-crown in order to enable him to pay it back?

In the Air.

Some of the scare articles about our defencelessness against air attacks have frightened many old women of both sexes. When the enemy aircraft sail for this country we shall not wait passively to prosecute them for wandering about without visible means of support. The best defence is attack. We shall take the liberty of reminding our enemies of that fact.

Putting the Bar Up.

If the Solicitors' Bill promoted by the Lord Chancellor is allowed to pass it will presently be well-nigh impossible for a solicitor's managing clerk himself to become qualified, owing to the clause that, before taking his final examination, an articulated clerk must attend a school of law for at least one year. Is it the intention to make the legal profession a close preserve for the rich and leisured class?

Too Much Teaching.

The Government seem to find education a bit of a snag. However, they must not take their defeats too much to heart. The country as a whole, while sympathising with the teachers, feels that we have already more education than we can afford, and is not nearly so sensitive over things like the Burnham Scale as are the Members of Parliament who have turned upon Mr. Lloyd George.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill."

In British law no private individual has the right to kill another on the ground that his act benefits his victim and society. This doctrine of law Mr. Justice Rigby Swift has emphatically restated while trying a father who had murdered his imbecile son in the alleged belief that the boy would be better dead than alive. Even monstrous human creatures are allowed to be born into the world because doctors dare not keep them out of it.

Not to Let.

One of the matters which the Select Committee now sitting on the Rent Act will do well to consider is what to do with landlords who keep their houses unlet in order to exact a high sale price. Take the instance of Hackney, where the local Council report 98 unoccupied houses. What the Council suggest to the Minister of Health is that he should obtain powers to deal with such property where it has remained empty for more than three months. What says Sir Alfred Mond?

THE CRIME OF BEING MARRIED

by CLEMENCE DANE

APPLICANTS for a resident-tutorship at the Home Science Department of a London College (note the department) "must be unmarried and not engaged to be married"! and it appears "there is opposition" to the appointment of a lady doctor for Maternity and Children's Welfare Work at Croydon (again, note the department!) because she is married to a gentleman with a "good official position"!

Now to us mere outsiders it would seem obvious that experience of married life was an added, if not an indispensable, qualification for either post; but it appears we are wrong. Marriage, in future, is to be an indiscretion, if not a crime, and any professional or working woman who dares to marry, bring up children, and thereafter hope once more to exercise her trade must be brought to a sense of her misconduct by being denied employment. Her husband may be abroad, sick, or dead: his income may be insufficient for their children's education: she, in turn, may have special gifts, peculiar qualifications, to place at the service of her country. No matter! She is a married woman! She need not apply! Is that, in spite of the Sex Disqualification Removal Bill, to be the new order? Heaven help England if it is!

In the old days, when the labourer was worthy of his hire, the quality of the work

was considered, not the private affairs of the worker. Even to-day the rule against workers whose partners have incomes operates only against women. Is a man with a rich wife debarred from his profession? Does every Minister of the Crown sign a declaration that he has no private income and that his wife has none? Why then should it be "preposterous" for a married woman to draw "a handsome salary at the ratepayers' expense" if the ratepayers are satisfied that the salary is a fair one for the job? And why should an educational centre imply that a desire to get married incapacitates a woman from teaching Home Science?

To prevent a good worker, whether man or woman, from working is an offence not only against liberty, but against common-sense. England is hard up: children are expensive to rear. If England wants children she must encourage women to do their share towards the upkeep of the home and to safeguard their own future by exercising their professions both before and after the child-bearing years.

There is one other point to remember. Women's mating instincts are as strong as men's. Consider what alternative you offer them when you threaten them with unemployment if they commit the crime of getting married.

Fisher and the Aze.

In future, when L.C.C. teachers are absent from school to attend the funerals of parents, brothers or sisters, they must forfeit their salaries for time lost. Still, it must be pleasant for them to know that they have Mr. Fisher's gracious permission to absent themselves at all for such a trivial reason.

Disgracing the Seas.

There is bitter anger in the heart of British seamen at the number of scuttling cases which have recently come before the Admiralty Division. Greek, Italian and Spanish ship-owners are now finding it impossible to insure their vessels with British underwriters, because of the shameless way in which many of them have deliberately sent vessels to sea in order that they should be sunk.

Sussex for Sense.

Those who jibe at "silly" Sussex will have to alter their tune. At the Assizes, a beast of a seaman named Jack Wells who had committed a shameful offence against a little girl only eight years old was sentenced to three years' penal servitude and fifteen lashes with the cat, which is about the most sensible thing we have heard for a long time. Other Judges, please copy.

Heaven for Horses.

Under the heading of "Hell for Horses," we have so often stigmatised and denounced the traffic in worn-out horses that it becomes a pleasure to us to welcome Lord Lambourne's new Bill as offering them the promise and prospect of something like a heaven. With traffic not open to objection on grounds of cruelty the Bill will not interfere at all. We bespeak for it the support of every legislator who is a lover of animals.

Want and Wee.

It is a terrible thing in any circumstances to hear of the suicide of a widow of sixty-two; but when such a tragedy can be traced to the refusal of the Home Office to grant her a pension as a policeman's widow, its poignancy seems the greater. Such was the case of Elizabeth Hunt, of Marylebone, whose last wish was that her relatives who might attend the funeral should go by omnibus to save expense. Thoughtful of others to the last.

Rare and Refreshing.

There are kind hearts as well as curmudgeons on the Bench. The Magistrates at Bootle had before them a poor widow charged with keeping a dog without a licence. She pleaded that it belonged to her crippled boy, who could not bear to be parted from it. The Justices rejoiced the hearts of mother and son by ordering the necessary money to be paid out of the poor-box. Would that such kindness were not so rare.

An Actor's Ordeal.

Mr. Albert Parrett, a Balham actor, was recently charged by the police, without an atom of evidence, with wounding another man, detained in prison for a fortnight, and finally found not guilty at the Old Bailey and discharged without a stain on his character. "I have no power to give you any redress," the Recorder told Mr. Parrett, in his scathing comments of the prosecution. As according to an old maxim of law there is no wrong without a remedy—well, we'll wait and see, not expecting to see much.

A Lame Excuse.

Five Glasgow Councillors had arranged to visit Paris at the ratepayers' expense in order to inspect the bridges, but the pretty little plan has been vetoed. If they want a cheap trip to the Continent they must get selected for the next Peace Conference.

Money from Mummies.

The maintenance of the British Museum costs the country over £300,000 a year, and it is proposed to recover part of this by charging for admission. So long as it is free on Saturdays and Sundays we see no harm in this relief to the taxpayer, especially as foreign visitors will be the principal contributors.

Despicable.

Esther Bick, of Stratford, E., conceived the despicable idea of supplying small quantities of groceries to poor people with relief tickets, giving cash for the balance of their value, deducting 3d. in the shilling for the accommodation, and then claiming the full amount from the Guardians. Perhaps two months in gaol will bring home to her sordid soul the hideous nature of her offence, but we doubt it.

In Default of Distress.

To be unemployed, and at the same time the father of eighteen children, eight under fourteen years of age, is the lugubrious lot of Leonard Saville, of Loughton. He is now, presumably, in prison, since the Epping Magistrates the other day issued a Committal Order against him, in default of payment of a fine of 15s. for failing to send his children to school. As the cottage was found to contain nothing to distrain on but a little bedding, there were, no doubt, strong reasons why those children were not sent to school.

A Hansard Case.

The country loses money over every copy of Hansard, the official report of Parliamentary Debates. Why should it? Mr. Devlin says this is the richest and dullest House ever seen at Westminster. Why should it not publish the dreary drip of its desultory declamation at its own expense?

Is Nottingham Naughty?

No wonder the courting couples who frequent Nottingham Forest in search of the romantic environment suited to their complaint have protested against interference by park rangers, many of whom themselves dislike the job of "moving on" young couples. The Forest belongs to the Nottingham people, and the lassies and lads must court somewhere.

Bumble and Beer.

The London County Council Education Committee is recommended by a sub-committee to stop the monetary allowances payable "in lieu of beer" to certain officials at Upton House Industrial School. As the allowance is for the special benefit of those who do not like beer, the recommendation is incomprehensible.

Death and the Doctor.

When a woman at Walthamstow found her husband had taken poison, she rushed to a doctor, who advised her to give him mustard and water. On returning she found her man unconscious, and hurried again to the doctor and implored him to come at once. He told her to go to the police. Then the police sent for him, and he administered an injection when it was too late. The Coroner said he would not like to be in that doctor's position. The callous medico should be severely dealt with by the General Medical Council.

IMPROVING THE PRISON SYSTEM

by ARNOLD BENNETT

ONCE I inspected a huge prison, under the guidance of the present head of our secret police. The horror of the thing deeply impressed me, but the brutal, the idiotic, the utterly nonsensical stupidity of the thing impressed me much more.

We seem now to be trying—not to cure the ulcerous prison system—but to apply a little ointment to its sores. This is little, but it is something, and it is due to the humane enterprise of Toynbee Hall. Mr. St. John Ervine has lectured to criminals on the drama, and if applause is any guide the lecture was a very great success. Then Mr. Lacey lectured on Plato's Republic, and Mr. Lacey also had a triumph. Then Mr. Fielden, a professor at the Royal College of Music, addressed our burglars, pickpockets and would-be assassins on the history of music. He played some of the great nocturnes of Chopin, and was "heartily applauded."

I had horrid little doubts as I read about that lecture on Plato's Republic, and these little doubts grew to big doubts when I came to the great nocturnes of Chopin. Here we herd together "the scum of the population," and we subject them to a régime which must necessarily brutalise them and destroy all their finer sensibilities; and then we invite them to listen to music which requires for its appreciation not merely experience in listening to music but an inborn taste for music.

But the prisoners "applauded heartily." Well, of course they did. They would be only too delighted by any diversion from the senseless tedium of their lives. If the lecturer had stood on his head or if two cats had been put to gambol on the piano-keys, the enchanted prisoners would have applauded even more heartily. Let us have music in our prisons by all means, and plenty of it; for its influence upon the mind is probably superior to all other influences. And let us do the prisoners "good," if we can do it without ourselves being unimaginative prigs and highbrows.

We really ought not to say to the prisoners in effect: "We've got you. You are dying for want of diversion. You'll applaud anything on earth. And so you shall jolly well applaud what we like and not what you like." I consider it insulting to play the great nocturnes of Chopin before defenceless prisoners. I would endeavour merely to please *them*, without any conspiracy to do them "good." Because if I pleased them I should be doing them good.

I would get a vocalist to sing to them a selection of old English, Scotch, and Irish songs. The applause would bring the prison down. The prisoners would laugh and they would cry. And I should at any rate be free from the ghastly reproach of deliberately trying to undo in an hour the harm which I was doing deliberately week by week and year by year.

SACRIFICED TO MAMMON

Responsibility for the Tipton Tragedy

SENTENCE of five years' penal servitude has been passed upon John Walter Knowles for manslaughter in connection with the horrible disaster at Tipton, in which nineteen little girls met with their deaths in circumstances of indescribable horror.

In face of the facts, no one can say that his punishment is excessive, for Mr. Justice Shearman declared it was the worst case of manslaughter he had heard of.

But a heavy responsibility still rests upon the shoulders of the Government, for if the Inspectors of Explosives had not signally failed in their duty, the appalling calamity would never have occurred.

A month before the tragedy a consignment of unused Government stock, consisting of some 160 tons of miniature rifle cartridges, the value of which has been stated at £64,000, was purchased by Knowles and removed to his factory.

A large number of little girls, whose ages ranged from 13 to 16, were engaged to separate the lead bullets from the copper casing. The rough and ready method employed resulted in a good deal of powder being spilled on the floor and over the girls' clothing and hair. In the centre of the room was a stove in which a fire was kept burning.

Such were the conditions of hand-

ling explosives which Knowles declared he did not regard as fraught with any danger.

His view was soon falsified.

A flash, a deafening roar, and blinding, scorching sheets of flame enveloped the girl workers.

Shrieking and panic-stricken, shorn of their clothing and hair, some with their breasts completely blown away, those alive rushed from the frightful inferno.

Some indication of the mentality of Knowles may be derived from the wages paid to these poor girls. Gladys Williams, fourteen, earned 2s. 4d. the first week and 6s. the second, working full time from 8 a.m. till 5.30 p.m. Elsie Fellows, fifteen, earned 2s. 4d. the first week and 3s. 4d. the second, and when her mother went to the works to enquire why the girl was earning so little, she was told the firm could not afford to pay any more!

What of the Inspectors of Explosives? The excuse is made that no licence under the Explosives Act having been applied for, they were unaware even of the existence of the premises.

What the public wants to know is how it was possible, without the grossest neglect, for such a huge quantity of explosive material to be purchased from the Government and removed to the factory without their knowledge.

INSIDIOUS "CHINK" SAILORMEN

Ousting British Seamen

IN many respects the Chinaman is an admirable person—in his own country. He may sometimes prove to be a fair sailor—on board a junk. But a Chinaman in Britain, and aboard a British ship, is an anomaly.

It is therefore the more remarkable that the owners of a fleet of oil-tankers boasting the essentially patriotic name of the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company should employ Chinese in preference to British seamen.

A couple of weeks or so ago the oil-tanker *Limnea*—owned by the above firm—arrived at Rotterdam. At once the whole crew of the vessel, with the exception of the officers, were paid off, and their berths taken by Chinese. This incident led to enquiries, in the course of which we found that before long the bulk of the crews of this company's sixty odd ships will consist of Chinese, and that the management do not seem in the least ashamed of the fact.

There are to-day about 20,000 British seamen in the United Kingdom unemployed, and a large number stranded in ports abroad. When one considers the importance of the mercantile marine not only in times of peace but during war, it is alarming to find the British seaman being displaced by cheap Oriental labour.

That there is a progressive movement in this disastrous direction cannot be gainsaid. In 1911 there were 5,366 Chinese employed on board British ships. By 1914 this number had increased to 8,000. The following year it reached 14,000, and to-day there are perhaps as many as 15,000 "Chinks" filling berths which are the rightful heritage of the British sailorman.

As a matter of fact, the Board of Trade does not, or cannot, keep a strictly accurate account of the Chinese sailing under the British flag. For this reason. On a certain date there may be, say, 3,000 Chinese in British vessels. A few months later these may be signed off and replaced by another 3,000. But the companies employing them would merely make a return of 3,000.

Startling, and almost incredible as it may seem, one out of every ten berths on board British ships goes to a Chinaman; which is merely saying that, of every ten British seamen, one must remain unemployed because a "Chink" has got his job.

Unless prompt steps are taken to put a stop to this scandal, and the shipping companies concerned brought to a proper sense of their patriotic duty, irreparable injury to the State must, sooner or later, result.

A CHILD'S AGONY

Driven to Death at Fifteen

FIFTEEN!

What an age of life and laughter, of abounding high spirits and care-free merriment!

Yet life at fifteen held such dark terrors for Elizabeth Ann Turner that she drowned herself.

The girl had left a situation as domestic servant to a Mrs. Watson, who keeps a small sweetstuff shop in Howfield Lane, Burton-on-Trent.

She had stayed there only six days. Her employer caught her childishly pilfering a few sweets.

Another would in kindly manner have pointed out that the offence, though not serious, might lead her into dishonest courses and disgrace.

But this woman was hard. She threatened to put Elizabeth Ann in gaol or in a reformatory. The poor child took it very much to heart, and in her distress destroyed herself.

The Coroner, after the cautious fashion of his kind, said it was a very unsatisfactory conclusion for an apparently very slight offence.

The local populace showed less restraint.

Hundreds of people took part in a hostile demonstration, and the harsh employer's effigy was burned while a crowd of women danced in frenzy round the bonfire, jazz bands and tin cans providing weird music.

Who shall say that they were wrong?

LURES FOR THE LONELY

Dangers that Lurk in Advertisements

WE have again to call attention to the inactivity of the authorities in regard to persons who seek through newspaper advertisements to lure lonely people of both sexes into promiscuous introductions for private gain.

Prominent among these parasites is one Arthur Hillcoat, the self-styled Secretary of the "Lonely Men and Women League," with an address at 44, Kennington Road, London, S.E.1, who invites "all lonely men and women" who want nice, good companions "to send him a stamped addressed envelope."

Six months ago, this rogue included the word "Christian" in the title of his so-called League, doubtless with the idea of conveying the impression that his activities were in some way associated with religious organisations.

On notepaper thus headed, he offered, for a fee of 3s. 6d., to send the name and address of a lonely young lady wanting a gentleman friend, but, at the foot, in a border of scarlet ink, appeared the legend: "Note.—All my clients are not strictly religious."

We find that Hillcoat is still at his old game, and for all the trouble he takes to assure himself of the moral characters of his clients, some of them may be not only not strictly religious, but something very much worse.

He has apparently dropped the "Christian" out of his designation, and though his circulars say "Special attention given to Religious People and Life Abstinents," the utterly reckless fashion in which he is prepared to effect introductions is shown by a notice which appears at the foot of his letter acknowledging the fee of 3s. 6d., and sending a name and address. It runs:—

"We do not undertake to please all clients with the friend we introduce them to; that would be impossible for us, for what would suit one person might not suit another—tastes differ so much. We do not see all clients, as many (perhaps like yourself) do not call, and we have to judge from their letters, so we allow clients to judge for themselves."

The way is clearly open for any blackguard to get into touch with an innocent young girl through the medium of this precious "League" and corrupt her to his foul purposes, for Hillcoat's interest in the matter obviously begins and ends in pocketing fees from both parties.

In the same manner, a callow youth may be ruined in health and pocket by any designing woman who cares to adopt this method of snaring young men.

To say the least, it is a pernicious, parasitic trade which should be suppressed without further delay.

MURDER MOST FOUL

Parents without Hearts

A TRULY frightful deed was lately brought to light at Warwick, when a father and mother named William and Ellen Chattaway were together found guilty of the manslaughter of their daughter Elsie.

This unhappy girl, formerly a domestic servant, had lived at home the last five years, helpless with rheumatism. Ignoring not only the responsibilities of parenthood but also the common dictates of humanity, her ghouliah father and mother, feeling her a burden upon them, subjected her to a systematic course of slow starvation.

They could have had but one end in view—her death; and Mr. Justice McCardie, before whom they were tried, recognised this and declared that there was ample evidence to establish a charge of murder.

A girl of 25, and 5 feet 8 inches in height, when she died her weight was only 3 stone 13 lbs. For three years she had been confined to a filthy room unfit for human occupation.

Visited only by her inhuman mother, it was not until the day before her death that a doctor was called in.

Five years' penal servitude for a crime so vile justifies one in questioning the adequacy of British justice.

MEN

e move-
direction
11 there
oyed on
14 this
8,000.
14,000,
haps as
filling
rightful
dorman.
e Board
ot, keep
of the
British
On a
e, say,
vessels,
may be
another
employ-
make a

credible
of every
sh ships
which is
ery ten
remain
Chink"

taken to
and the
ncerned
of their
injury
or later,

FOUL

arts

eed was
light at
ther and
ad Ellen
found
of their

merly a
at home
ss with
only the
ood but
ates of
her and
en upon
stematic

one end
ad Mr.
om they
his and
ample
arge of

8 inches
weight
For
fined to
human

nhuman
the day
tor was

ude for
one in
British



SUPPOSE THE SHELL IS NOT A DUD!

(It is argued that the reduction of Germany to complete ruin will react on all of us)

Outspoken Messages
to Celebrities,
Notorieties, and
Occasionally . . .
Nonentities. . . .

Our Weekly KINEMA



The multi-millionaires abound in Germany, it's funny when Reparations must be found Fritz never has the money.



A sign appeared "This House to Let," in Wales some days ago; The man who saw it hasn't yet Recovered from the blow.



Folks think you're acting like a fool Of common sense bereft, If you observe the latest rule Of "Keeping to the left."



"A sparring bout," his friends declare, "Is just what David loves!" But not when he has got to wear Those German fabric gloves!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

To the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Touched by the hard case of an old soldier, who had been for months unable to find a roof to shelter his wife and child, you have acted the good Samaritan and found him a cottage. It was a kindly act, and it does credit to your big heart. But I must remind you that there are hundreds of others in the same plight, without the facility Samuel Farrington had of approaching you personally. And in selecting one case for alleviation, you, as Prime Minister, are creating a dangerous precedent. By far the better way would be to provide more houses for the working classes generally.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir ALFRED MORITZ MOND, Bart.,
Minister of Health.

SIR,—In a speech to the 1920 Club on the Government housing policy you say that you are prepared to go back to a cheaper type of building that a working man can afford to pay for. You have been talking now for over a year about what you are going to do, but when are you going to do it? I know that the 1920 Club is mainly a publicity bureau for the Government, but why not get a move on first and do the talking afterwards? With you it is always "jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." I do not find it a satisfying diet.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. LAFFORD,
Secretary of the Zion Street United Methodist Church,
Plymouth.

SIR,—You and the other officials of your chapel have declared war against the Plymouth parents who take their children for "Sunday outings by the seaside and on the moors." With long, miserable faces you mourn the fact that "the children are taken from our spiritual care and exposed to sinful contaminations." Good heavens, man, do you seriously argue that the Almighty made the sea and the moors with the idea that they should be enjoyed only from Monday to Saturday? Such blasphemous bunkum makes me tired.

JOHN BULL.

To WALTER RIDLEY,
Shirley Street, Hove.

SIR,—A diseased Aberdeen terrier was entrusted to you by its owner to kill humanely. You struck it about twenty blows with a heavy hammer, then you took it up by its hind legs and it walked on its forelegs to the grave which you had dug for it. Finally, to use your own words, you "jumped on its heart to try to kill it." The Hove Borough Bench, "taking into consideration the circumstances," felt that the case would be met by a fine of 20s., or in default 10 days. And they gave you a fortnight to pay! Words fail me to deal adequately either with you or your judges.

JOHN BULL.

To Alderman T. HEY,
Mayor of Halifax.

SIR,—An old labourer, 69 years of age, owned up before you and five of your brother and sister Magistrates to having committed the heinous crime of asking a woman for a penny in the street. Although the poor old chap had a clean record, you, as the mouthpiece of your precious Bench, "thought it best to find him a home for 14 days." It seems to me a perfectly monstrous sentence, and the fact that it was wrapped up in a cloth of smug philanthropy makes it worse.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Miss LENGLEN.

Congratulations on your victory. But don't indulge in catty comments. I don't like them, even from my favourites.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Mrs. Mallory.

Condolences on your defeat. But take it like a man.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. ALLAWAY,
Bournemouth.

MADAM,—There was a good deal of nobility in the way you stuck to your husband during his trial for the murder of Irene Wilkins. You had been contemplating a separation, for which you had good grounds, but when he was charged with murder you felt it your duty as a wife to stand by him, and you did so till the end in a way that called forth the admiration of all. You bravely upheld an old British tradition of wifely duty, and I hope the pluck you have displayed will help you from a dismal and unhappy past to a brighter and peaceful future.

JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Genl. Sir WILLIAM E. PAYTON,
Military Secretary, War Office.

DEAR GENERAL,—I notice in the *Gazette* an announcement relating to a certain "Major and Paymaster," and another one affecting a "Quartermaster and Major." Why shouldn't the Q. M. be a Major first and a Quartermaster secondly, allee same Paymaster? Further, I see that, in the Army List (Quarterly) the Paymasters are given places in the General Gradation List, while the Quartermasters are put in a pen by themselves. What is the reason of this? Is it that the Quartermaster rose from the ranks and the Paymaster didn't?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. L. RAWSON, M.I.E.E.,
Portland Place, W.

SIR,—I see you are down to give a lecture entitled "Why is it Right Thinking Overcomes Sin and Disease?" In view of the repeated exposures of yourself and the organisation which you run for praying sick people back to health, and other bunkum of that sort, I must say I admire your temerity. I understand that your efforts bring you in an income of £1,000 a week, most of which comes from America. We have already quite enough catch-penny impostors on this side of the Atlantic. If the Americans are content to be taken in by the kind of stuff that you preach, go there and let them have it. You are not wanted here.

JOHN BULL.

To Viscount ESHER, G.C.V.O., G.C.B.,
2, Tilney Street, Mayfair.

MY LORD,—Your mysterious movements on the Continent are causing me a good deal of misgiving. It appears that you have got a scheme for reducing the British Army to 90,000 men, and that you have been trying to force this amazing proposal into the programme of the League of Nations. I can find no trace of any credentials justifying you to interfere in this matter. Anyhow, the Prime Minister has repudiated your activities, and if it was really necessary for you to butt in, you might at least have first taken the trouble to find out what the Cabinet had to say on the subject.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Lord SYDENHAM.

If you showed a little less hatred of Jews and a little more public spirit, your views on the Zionist question might be received with greater sympathy. As it is, you stand the risk that fairminded men will think you are wrong, even when you are right. We don't like pogromists here.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to SOLDIER JONES,
Boxer?

They tell me that you call yourself a cave-man of the Ring. After your last twenty rounds' encounter with Cook, I think you ought to go back to your cave. Not that I think much of Cook, either.

JOHN BULL.

Telegram to HUGO STINNES,
Berlin.

What about that four hundred million? I'm after it with a big stick.

BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

The Miners and the Public

SOMETHING must be done for the miners. Their present condition is terrible for them and disastrous for the nation. Unfortunately the nation is not wholly sympathetic—largely no doubt because the miners have too often allowed themselves to play the part of the "villains of the piece." But the moment the nation realises their desperate plight, an agitation to deal with the situation will become too strong to be ignored by the Government.

And what, in a phrase or two, is the situation? Real hunger for the majority. Actual starvation for a large minority. Men in despair. Women in tears. Children in rags. In spite of the fact that the price of coal has recently come down with a run—which proves incidentally that the coal-trade has been making a handsome profit out of the public—there is no rush for the coal. And the enormous quantity of coal which we are extracting from the Germans, on the new and original principle of cutting off our own nose to spite someone else's face, has completely monopolised the foreign market.

Too often, alas! the miner is his own worst enemy. In moments of excitement and stress he is sometimes led astray by agitators with bees in their bonnets. One of these troublesome insects is the bee of nationalisation, and it will probably buzz as loudly at Blackpool this week as ever before.

If the delegates are wise, however, they will dismiss the subject of nationalisation for the time being. The public are interested in two aspects of the mining world: the strikes and prices. Set their minds easy on these and they will help the miners wholeheartedly.

There is only one way out of the present impasse. A committee must be appointed at the earliest possible moment to go into the matter thoroughly. Coal prices must be checked and placed on a definite non-fluctuating basis. The poor must not shiver through the winter months on half a hundredweight a week in order that the grates of the coal-kings may be filled to blazing-point.

Old Statutes Never Die!

MANY of the laws of this country are sadly out of date. They were drafted and came into being in the distant past, when the standards of life were far different from what they are at the present time. And the more we consider some of them in their relation to modern circumstances the more are we driven to the conclusion that the ass by comparison has many virtues. Almost every week the law Courts present us with examples of statutes that have grown musty with age, yet the public are expected to grin and bear the burden while Members of the House of Commons fool about with trivialities.

We are a long-suffering people. We cultivate a tolerance that is positively amazing to foreigners. But occasionally we grow a little impatient, and begin to lash out with tremendous vigour. Invariably there is ample justification.

For instance, it was not until the Home

Secretary roused the public wrath by his monstrous blundering in the cases of Jacoby and True that our Parliamentary representatives began to sit up and take notice. It was then that Mr. Shortt found refuge behind a statute which had long since been forgotten, in order to justify his conduct with regard to True.

The sequel to the rumpus now comes in the form of an announcement that, following upon the reprieve of True, the whole position of the law of criminal versus mental insanity is to be reviewed by a Government Commission. Yet had the public refrained from showing its indignation, a grave miscarriage of justice would have been allowed to pass without a word from our legislators.

By and by other cases will arise calling for further references to effete laws which are but ornamental relics of past generations. Are we to wait until a future Home Secretary, as incapable as Mr. Shortt, commits another blunder, that necessitates another dip into the pages of remote decades to find a plausible excuse, before we ask for a revision of our antiquated doctrines?

We think not. This new Government Commission may indeed be useful. We almost wish that we had in London a "Four Courts" explosion that would blow our old statutes skyhigh. At all events, an explosion of some kind is badly needed to bring about the rejuvenation of some of our mummified laws.

Ulster and Ireland

MR. A. G. GARDINER'S powerful article on Ireland in a recent issue has placed the Irish situation clearly before the people of this country. He has shown the real inwardness of the struggle—Michael Collins and his comrades, formerly our relentless enemies, fighting honourably and resolutely for peace with Britain. That, as he rightly said, is the splendid justification of Home Rule.

Unhappily the new struggle has not altogether ousted the old feuds, and in Ulster inherited prejudices are dying hard. The Ulster Association, with a director of publicity installed in a Westminster office, suggests that Mr. Gardiner has been misled by the propaganda of Maud Gonne McBride and Colonel Moore. No doubt this director of publicity is a good judge of propaganda. But it is useless to deny that a pogrom has been waged against Belfast Catholics. A Catholic publican and his sons were murdered in their home. Until an inquiry has been held into this outrage and the murderers punished, can the Ulster Government complain that its attitude is suspect?

Of the loyalty to Britain of the Ulster people there is no doubt. We gladly recognise and are grateful for the proof they gave of it in the Great War. We have pledged ourselves against the coercion of Ulster. But will not Ulster, when we have made peace with Ireland, loyally help us to follow peace by reconciliation? Let the dead past bury its dead, and Irishmen, of all creeds and classes, make a supreme effort to save the country to which they are all devoted.

The Mockery of Death

WE have waited long and patiently for the much-delayed reproof to those people who attend Assize Courts for the sheer joy of gloating over the miseries and misfortunes of prisoners in the dock.

Undoubtedly the worst offenders in this respect are women, whose heartless conduct we can scarcely find words strong enough to condemn. They make preparations for their visits to the Courts with the joyful anticipation of a child who has been promised a picnic, and they are in their element as spectators watching a drama in which the central figure is a man fighting for his own life and whose face records the anguish of a tortured mind.

This phase of utter indecency reached a climax at the trial of Allaway, when, to relieve the monotony of legal arguments, sandwiches were munchd, whilst women even continued their knitting unmoved while the Judge pronounced in emotional tones the dread sentence.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not pleading for sympathy on behalf of any callous brute. But when the atmosphere is darkened by the shadow of death reverence should be the guiding rule.

Moreover, apart from the solemnity of such grim proceedings, there are other considerations. In Allaway's case, there was a widowed mother with one son lying in a soldier's grave in France; a young wife, and a brother. Every day the mother and son sat in the public gallery listening with bated breath to every word, while around them women made a mockery of the trial by their unspeakable indifference.

The suffering innocents, surely, are deserving of some thought and sympathy, but there is little forthcoming from those who throng the Criminal Courts at every opportunity for the sole purpose of snapping up small fragments of sensation with which to satisfy a morbid curiosity.

Public trials were instituted in the interests of fair play, and we cannot afford to permit abuses that are likely to endanger such a principle.

A Travesty of Justice

THE sentence of nine months' hard labour passed upon Maud Hibbert is an insult to human sentiment.

Mr. Justice Horridge dealt severely with her, not because she had attempted to commit suicide but because of a moral lapse in her duties as a wife and mother. But in this respect she was no more reprehensible than the titled women who walk freely in and out of the Divorce Courts.

Maud Hibbert has harmed no one except her husband, who has his own remedy in law. She might have continued to live under the same roof at his expense, while carrying on an intrigue with her brother-in-law lover. She preferred joining him in death.

Frustrated in that attempt, she has lingered for weeks in the shadow of the gallows. The thought of this poor girl having to sustain the additional punishment of nine months' hard labour is revolting to anyone possessed of a shred of natural feeling.

PENALISING THE JUST

"What's in a Name?"

THERE are some things which no fellow can understand," is a well-worn tag, but it is as true to-day as when it was first spoken by Lord Dundreary of whiskers fame.

Take, for instance, the story of ex-P.C. A. O'Connor's resignation from the Police Force, and his attempts to obtain justice.

P.C. O'Connor arrived in London from Glamorgan to join the Metropolitan Force. He was a man of exemplary character and well read in those subjects pertaining to his duties.

While attached to Bow Street he had occasion to take into custody, for insulting behaviour, a man of international reputation and excellent social position.

When the charge was being written down at the police station a detective officer entered the room. Then followed whisperings between the higher officials, which ended in the gentleman of international reputation being set at liberty, "there not being sufficient evidence."

The sequel came 14 days later when O'Connor was informed that he had been reported for "being complained of by a private person for improperly arresting him."

In answering this complaint the unfortunate constable was hauled before the Discipline Board at New Scotland Yard, but was not permitted to call any witnesses. On the other hand, the gentleman of international reputation gave

evidence upon which O'Connor was "severely reprimanded and cautioned, and for the benefit of the Service transferred to another Division."

Unable to bear this unjust punishment, the constable resigned and joined the Army—for at that time the country was calling for men.

But the injustice of the decision of the Discipline Board so preyed upon the man's mind as to have serious effects upon his health. So much so that the Army rejected him. Later he applied for reinstatement in the Force. Both the late Commissioner and the present one refused the application.

Since that time O'Connor has written to Home Secretaries and Prime Ministers for an inquiry to be opened into his case. The latest reply from Mr. Lloyd George's secretary is the usual one of regrets—"having gone into the matter, he finds no ground for interference with the decision of the Police Authorities."

In the meantime O'Connor has tried to get other jobs, but has found it very difficult.

A little more than a week ago O'Connor addressed a crowd in Trafalgar Square, to keep order at which between 40 and 50 policemen were in attendance.

How Gilbert would have revelled in such a situation! To us it seems to be a waste of public money. An inquiry into the whole case would settle the matter once and for all.

DIED IN DESPAIR

Deferred Hopes and a Sick Heart

AT the age of 54, James Miller, a native of Elgin, who had been an engine driver in the United States and Canada for 30 years, threw up his job and came over to England to enlist.

He was passed into the Army as a fit man in January, 1918. He was discharged almost blind in February, 1919.

While in charge of a stationary engine at Richborough in June, 1918, he suffered a severe shock caused by the gauge-glass bursting in his face. A piece of glass lodged in his cheek, just below the right eye. There was evidently functional damage, for from the date of the accident his sight began rapidly to fail.

For a time after his discharge he received a treatment allowance of 40s. a week in respect of other ailments from which he was suffering. This was reduced to a final allowance of 7s. 6d. for 52 weeks.

The amazing thing in regard to this award is that the Medical Board stated in effect that his failing eyesight was due to natural causes, accelerated by advancing age, and that his Army service neither caused nor aggravated it. In the

official papers relating to his case the record of the accident is unaccountably missing.

A number of friends interested themselves and made strong representations to the Ministry of Pensions. Buoyed up by the hope that the award would be revised, the poor fellow struggled to maintain himself on his pittance.

It was a heartbreaking struggle. His furnished room in Camden Town cost him 7s. a week. With no near relatives in this country who could afford him assistance, he had to depend upon the Guardians for food.

He tried to work at one job, but had an accident within a few minutes. He was in constant danger in the streets, and was twice knocked down by traffic.

Then he was informed that the decision of the Pensions Appeal Tribunal was final, and nothing further could be done for him!

The last act of the tragedy was set in the Coroner's Court, where an inquest was held on his body, and the jury returned a verdict of suicide during temporary insanity.

Are there no uneasy minds at the Ministry of Pensions?

THE COST OF FOOD

High Prices and the Cause

WHENEVER anybody or any deputation approaches the Prime Minister to urge upon him economy in the interests of the people, he presents them with a nice phrase. "Economy," he says, "is uppermost in the minds of the Government."

What the people want is not words but deeds. They ought to get some relief, four years after the war our soldiers and sailors won for us, from the emergency taxation of food.

They are paying 8d. tax on every pound of tea; 3d. tax on every pound of coffee; 2½d. tax on every pound of sugar; 3d. tax on every pound of cocoa; and 1½d. tax on every pound of treacle.

Great business men like Lord Inchcape urge the Government to put in force the full Geddes cut. They know that only by so doing can trade be freed from its handicap and begin to improve. The poor man does not know what he is paying in taxation, and so the Govern-

ment, taking the line of least resistance, callously ignores him.

The Government can make a beginning by stopping trading by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutions. This trading is State-subsidised competition with the shopkeepers.

The shopkeeper, fighting to preserve his trade, is charging more where he can safely do it in order to hold his own.

He has these excuses:

(1) The buildings occupied by the Institutes are situated on Government land and are free from rent.

(2) Rates and taxes are paid for them by the taxpayers of the country, who include the shopkeepers they are unfairly competing against.

There are many grocers in this country who are not above profiteering. How can the Government reproach and repress them when its own conduct is assailable?



The Best DIP of the Day.

ENLIVENING as is the morning dip in the sea, exciting as is the afternoon dip into the holiday novel, calming as is the dip of the boat's bows against the evening tide—none of these dips is complete without a dip into a tin of Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee.

The deliciousness of Sharp's Toffee must be experienced to be understood. It is delicious because it is so good and pure, and once you have tasted it the very thought of the name makes your mouth water.

8d. per ¼ lb.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in 1-lb., 1½-lb., and 2½-lb. tins.

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD. MAIDSTONE

SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE

WISE WEDLOCK

THE TRUTH ABOUT BIRTH CONTROL

This new volume by Dr. G. Courtenay Beale is full of sane, sober information, with an entire absence of the frivolity and unnecessary eroticism which some authors exploit when writing upon intimate matrimonial relationships. Enquiries which reach us through the articles on Birth Control, published in our 6d. monthly magazine, "Health and Efficiency," prove that there is a very urgent need for plain, straightforward answers to questions that trouble 99 per cent. of married couples. This demand has been filled by

WISE WEDLOCK, 6/9 Post Free.

It is a most necessary book for every man and woman of mature age, and should be read very carefully by those about to be married. It answers every question which can possibly trouble every man or wife. It will save much misunderstanding and promote very considerable happiness. The price includes a copy of "Health and Efficiency," the only journal in the English language with an advanced programme for Health and Physical Culture.

Send your Cheque or P.O. for 6s. 9d. to—

HEALTH PROMOTION LTD.,
DEPT. 120,
19/21, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4.

BRANDED CHILDREN

Our Prussian Charity Schools

by THOMAS BURKE

PITY the children of the poor! Not for the hardships of the situation into which they were born, but for their sufferings at the hands of the philanthropist. "As cold as charity" is a common figure of speech among the poor, who are best qualified to use it, and very apt it is.

The child in the "Home" is a cowed captive. He is well-fed (no doubt of that, for he is being trained for work; he is as valuable as a horse), but his face, though heavy with thick food, is witless and dull; his eyes are clear, but without jest; his lips are unused to laughter. You have seen these orphans in processions in the streets, marching like convicts, with cropped heads, clown's clothes, brutal boots. They are socially branded—the "Charity children."

THEY never know caresses, or the hearty cuff and personal admonishment of a parent. In the Homes they are a herd, and the treatment is impersonal. They are what the directors brazenly call them—"assets" of the nation, "material" for the Services.

In the most dishevelled home, among the most careless and kickful parents, the child learns independence. He leads a life of stimulating hazard and adventure, ever alert. But in the Home he becomes one of a herd.

HE is forced to move with the herd, and, if to think at all, to think only with the herd. The harness of the Home is forced upon him, and he lives through the gracious years of childhood as one of a troupe of well-trained animals, shown off at meal-times to possible subscribers. He rises at a bell, marches to dining-hall to a bell, sings grace to a bell, sits to a bell, eats to a bell, stops eating at a bell, marches into class or into chapel to a bell, forms up for drill at a bell, plays games to a bell, and goes to bed to a bell; and if the directors could control the soul's wanderings during sleep they would do so.

TO a sensitive child the prospect of a term in a Home is what the prospect of prison means to the normal man. At first he is horrified by the gaunt walls, the gaunt officials, and the convict system. He is stunned; then rebellious. But quickly he is given "special attention," and soon he is without capacity for anger or revolt, incapable of independent thought; submissive—a mere organism.

These places are not without means of coercing the recalcitrant; and infringements of the strait-waistcoat rule are punished with gross and obscene punishments.

HE becomes void of soul or sensibility; heavy-minded, and fearful of standing alone. He can only follow the crowd and live like the crowd. The Home has done what it meant to do; it has crushed out any originality, talent, or character that he may have had.

Few people know how these places are run, for they are cut off from the world by high walls. Charity and reclamation do not love the light of the sun; they move mysteriously.

The girls' schools, if not so harsh in degree, are equally harsh in principle. The breaking-in and the crushing of spirit are the same. The bodies are clothed in the clothes of contumely, and the souls are starved and the minds fed with false doctrines of obedience and discipline. The forms of punishment are equally obscene, and they degrade young girls in soul and self-respect as quickly as—though in a different way—the system of the brothel.

NO doubt the children of the poor are fair game for experiment; the Services must have their "material," and employers must have cheap and acquiescent labour. That is why they subscribe so heavily to the Homes. So long as the public sees official statistics and the spectacle of well-fed children, it is comfortably sure that the children are in a Good Home.

Good Home! Good stabling is the more correct term; for all that the children get there is what the sensible farmer gives his cattle—shelter, food, and exercise, sufficient to create a supply of obedient workmen. Only the farmer is honest about it. He doesn't mis-call it Charity, or Kindness to the Weak, or Rescue. He gives it its true name—Good Business.

The Cure for Worry

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

P. T. BARNUM was wont to declare that the turning point in his career was a decision suddenly arrived at. Early in his business activities he had a hard struggle to keep going, and this fact caused him a good deal of worry and consequent loss of sleep. One night as he was pacing the bedroom floor in deep depression of spirit his sighs awoke Mrs. Barnum, who demanded to know what was the matter. "It's that bill of Smith's," replied the afflicted husband. "It has to be met to-morrow, and I haven't a red cent in my possession." "Get into bed, you fool," said Mrs. Barnum, "and let Smith walk about."

Barnum needed no second bidding. The advice was like a flash of light on his problem. Never again did he waste time in worrying either about prospects or past mistakes.

I do not commend Mrs. Barnum's indifference to poor

ROUGHLY speaking, Cabinet Ministers may be divided into two classes. There are the plucky, unconventional fellows who refuse to be bound to the letter of their office; and there are the plodding, commonplace men who are only happy when they are able to quote the rules and regulations of their predecessors as an excuse for their own appallingly purblind conduct.

It would be difficult to instance so typical a specimen of the second class as the Right Honourable Edward Shortt. He is an almost perfect example of the red-tape official—a slave of custom, precedent, routine, and the whole lock, stock and barrel of departmental obtuseness. Give him a rule and he's happy; ask him to make an exception to it and he's miserable.

THE bare thought that a man should, with benefit to himself and humanity, rise superior to his office makes him a victim to sleepless nights. He is a parchment politician, who is quite at home with his chapters and sections and paragraphs, his Acts and epochs and reigns, but who is utterly at sea when called upon to pronounce an individual opinion.

The Ronald True case gave him a splendid opportunity to display the mark of his calling. Everybody was perfectly well aware that True was just as sane (or insane) as anyone else who commits murder in a callous and deliberate manner.

Smith's interests, but I do commend her philosophy. Worrying would not mend matters; on the contrary it weakened her man's ability to deal with them as they should be dealt with, so she would have none of it; and she was right.

But how is one to stop worrying? There is no one but would be glad to stop worrying if he could; it is a torment, not a delight. In a state of worry his mind races on like an engine out of control, churning up the same thought over and over again without reaching any final conclusion; in fact the more one worries the bigger the problem grows.

The remedy is a complete change of the current of thought. Make a break; get away; do anything to escape from the vicious circle and receive a new set of mental impressions. The result is marvellous. Worry is due to want of proportion in our estimate of values.



Mr. SHORTT

YET the Home Secretary was able to dig out some obscure section of some forgotten Act which justified the exercise of his authority where insanity had been suggested by doctors during the trial. But there was no Act and no section that justified the extension of mere human feeling in the case of a lad, aged 18, who had been hanged a few hours previously for a less revolting crime.

The Man-in-the-Street can only assume that the office boy, hoping for promotion, drew his attention to the former; and that, in regard to the latter, Mr. Shortt is not running over with "the milk of human kindness."

BUT the most amazing instance of the Home Secretary's temperamental incapacity to see any point of view not sanctioned by chapter, section, paragraph and verse was in connection with Dr. Oscar Levy. It will be remembered that Levy, though a good deal more British than a large number of natural and naturalised Britons, had failed to make himself a legal citizen. He had lived in England for a good many years, and had put this country considerably in his debt by a standard translation of Prussia's most clear-sighted critic—Nietzsche.

ONE day Mr. Shortt woke up to the fact that this gifted man was, technically, an alien. Various Acts and sections were instantly invoked to drive him out of the country. In spite of monster petitions, letters to the papers, and the fact that Dr. Levy couldn't return to Germany because of his friendliness to England during the War, the unfortunate gentleman was hounded out of the country, together with his British-born family, and now resides in "occupied" territory!

Asked one day why he acted in such a manner, Mr. Shortt replied, "I am here to see that the laws are carried out!"

All that's wrong with him is that he has mistaken his vocation in life. He would make an admirable policeman. . . .

TEN A PENNY

by A. G. GARDINER

THERE was something like panic in the City a week ago. The German mark had fallen to ten a penny. You could have bought 2,400 of them for a sovereign. There has been a recovery from the collapse of last week, but another crash may come at any moment, and unless some drastic change of policy occurs, the mark may well be 10,000 to the sovereign a year hence, or a hundred thousand, or anything you like. It may be as worthless as the Russian rouble or the Austrian krone. And when the mark has gone the French franc will follow it, and the triumph of Allied policy will be complete. Bankruptcy will not stop at the Rhine, nor at the Channel.

Why did the last crash of the mark come? We used to be told by the idiot Press that the fall of the mark was a cunning trick of the German. If, when the English sovereign fell to 3½ dollars in America, we had been told that it was a cunning trick on our part to sham sick we should not have believed it. We should have known it was a lie and a silly lie. But we believed our idiot Press. We went on repeating the lie and turning the screw on Germany, and with every turn of the screw the mark fell still further.

That was the cause of the last collapse. It was the answer, like every other fall of the mark, to external pressure. A month ago a Bankers' Commission met in Paris to devise a scheme to help Germany to pay its reparation. Every great country was represented. It was to be a last desperate effort to get Europe out of the road to ruin. What happened? Before the Commission had got to work M. Poincaré delivered a speech which torpedoed it. The Commission was left stone dead.

Until Germany can get on her feet Europe cannot get on its feet. The mark is not only the barometer of Germany, it is the barometer of Europe. If it becomes waste-paper the European ship will founder. And it was because the last crash brought the waste-paper phase in sight that it alarmed the City.

It alarmed France too, for the franc fell with the mark. (No one makes the foolish suggestion that the French engineered the fall of the franc.) And when the mark recovered the franc recovered. The meaning is plain. If we go on depressing the mark until it becomes waste-paper, the franc, which is kept at an artificial valuation, will go to waste-paper too. We cannot isolate bankruptcy. It spreads. If it covers the Continent we shall not escape it. And remember what that means. Take only the single fact that more than half the money of the British insurance societies is in British funds.

The lesson is clear. Europe is an economic unit. If we don't hang together we hang separately. The mark is the European breakwater. If it goes the floods will cover much else than Germany.

PLAYING WITH

by HAROLD

"A GIRL of seventeen is the man much her senior; and that such a girl, endowed with influence on human conduct, and is no business of the Law to be beyond appearing in the witness box, standing in the dock."

he is dismissed from the suit or is relieved of costs and damages if he proves that he had no reason to believe the woman concerned was married.

But in this graver matter a man is henceforth to be deprived of the right to urge the defence, even if he can sustain it completely, that he had not that guilty knowledge, or even the presumption of it which gives to an act its criminal quality.

In considering the case for its abolition, let us pay attention to why it was inserted. The Act of 1885 raised the age of consent from 13 to 16 years, but it was considered that, as in some cases a rigid line drawn at sixteen might carry the Act beyond its intention (which was to protect innocence), the chance of establishing this defence should be conceded to a defendant. For a girl of sixteen years, giving her consent to the act, and even soliciting it, might not only overstate her age to achieve her own purpose, but appear by her demeanour and physical maturity to bear out that overstatement.

She might, indeed, be living an immoral life, and be in every respect except years a mature and experienced woman. Therefore the Act allowed the defence of "reasonable belief," in order to avoid resting a law concerning such human relations upon a technical factor not involving a criminal intention on the part of the man concerned.

What are the changes in circumstances of outlook that should now invalidate a defence permitted nearly forty years ago? The answer is that whatever changes there are should now work in the opposite direction, and the same reasons that strengthen the case for the retention of this defence also weaken the proposal (made by the advocates of the Bill, and probably to be moved in

IN our modern public discussions there is a curious one-sidedness by which the wrong man or point of view is put on the defensive, and by which the "stunt" is favoured at the expense of the sincerity, and the abnormal view gets an advantage over the normal. In extreme cases it even works out so that the man who stands out against extremism is himself denounced as an extremist; whilst its ordinary operation enables any man who styles himself "a reformer" to steal a great advantage over his opponent by throwing on him a sort of odium for opposing a righteous cause; so that a new idea, no matter how wrong it may be, often gets the better of an old idea, no matter how right it may be.

IF, for instance, you oppose the extremism of Prohibition, you must run the gauntlet of opprobrium, and struggle as best you may against the implication that you are probably a dipsomaniac, and in any case are hardly respectable. And if you oppose, on certain rational grounds, the extension of the criminal law concerning sexual intercourse, you must be prepared for the reformer, clearing his throat with righteous restraint, to hint that, whether you know it or not, in your ungodly heart you are a supporter of Vice, and therefore not to be heard—except with a pained and impatient forbearance much too good for you.

And certainly this type of mind prejudices and complicates the sincere and serious consideration of my subject, seeking to put on the defensive a point of view which I will nevertheless state without any apology.

A BILL amending the Criminal Law Amendment Act has just passed a second reading in the Commons, and has gone to a Standing Committee. Its most controversial provision is that of Clause 2, which abolishes the defence that a man, charged with sexual intercourse with a girl under sixteen years, has reasonable grounds for having believed she was above that age. Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, who is in charge of the Bill, thinks that this fundamental change in the law is "only a Committee point," to be dealt with "upstairs," and it is very probable that the intimidations of the type of mind I have described will, "upstairs," prevail.

But what the Home Secretary calls "a Committee point" is really a new principle in criminal law; for it rules out of consideration the very element of criminal intention which in all other cases is a necessary proof.

IF a man receives from another goods which have been stolen, the indictment does not charge him with carelessness or credulity, but with criminal knowledge—with receiving the goods "well knowing them to have been stolen." If a man is a co-respondent in a divorce case (which is only a civil matter)



HAROLD

IMMORALITY

OWEN

equal in development of a young
it would be a monstrous thing
at power which has the greatest
making a natural appeal which it
ustrate, should pay no penalty
box against the partner of her

Committee) to raise the age of consent to
seventeen years, and still to abolish this
ground of defence.

Consider the great social changes, and
especially the change in the relations of the
sexes, during these intervening years. Forty
years ago, most girls of sixteen led sheltered
lives; had no liberty of social movement;
were constantly under home surveillance;

read only what their
parents or elders per-
mitted them to read;
and, when they went
out to an occa-
sional "party," were
chaperoned, shep-
herded, and "looked
after."

Precocity was dis-
couraged. Not only
were there few oppor-
tunities for sophisti-
cation outside the
home, but the whole
atmosphere and influ-
ence within the home
acted in restraint of
even their natural
development. In such
a period as that there
was every strong and
good reason for the
Law protecting the
innocence and ignor-
ance of girls of
sixteen, now the

OWEN

grandmothers of our own day.

But among the most marked features and
changes of modern life are the widespread
freedom, the lack of reticence, and the general
sophistication which have immensely
accelerated the mental and physical maturity
of the youth of both sexes, and of girls even
more than boys.

Almost every modern agency of knowledge,
amusement, and intercourse has led to an
intensive education and stimulation of the
senses—the kinema; the increasing social
intercourse between the sexes and the ex-
tended employment of girls in non-domestic
vocations; the decreasing influence of home
life; the almost unfettered liberty now
allowed to young girls to seek their social
pleasures where and how they like; the
free discussion and publication of salacious
cases in the Courts; the provocative fiction,

especially of the lady novelists, and the
"advanced drama"; the loosening of all
social restraints and the increasing contempt
for conventions—all these aids and agencies
have made an irresistible combination in the
sophistication and worldly enlightenment of
the young girls of to-day.

They have, in fact, turned the girl of sixteen
into the "flapper" who knows rather more
than her grandmother, the girl of 1885, of
those things her grandmother still does not
talk about; and they have most certainly
advanced by one or two years the sexual
development, temperamental and physical,
of the modern girl, whose education in these
matters is now so extensive and intensive
that it includes, if she reads the papers (as
she certainly does), even the pros and cons
of "birth control."

THIS difference in epoch incontestably
destroys the case for the abolition
of the defence of "reasonable belief," for
the belief potentially becomes more reason-
able than ever in an age when young girls
have developed almost every attribute of
maturity.

The object of the law is not to impose
penalties for sexual immorality, but to
protect innocence and immaturity; but
those who can contemplate raising the age to
seventeen must be singularly ignorant of
existing social conditions. For a girl of
seventeen is, in both general and particular
respects, the equal in development of a young
man much her senior; and it would be a
monstrous thing that such a girl, endowed
with that power which has the greatest
influence of all on human conduct, and
making a natural appeal which it is no business
of the Law to frustrate, should pay no
penalty beyond appearing in the witness-
box against the partner of her pleasures,
standing in the dock.

Such a girl must be accounted not as a
victim, but as an accomplice; but the moment
she becomes an accomplice, and ceases to
be a victim, the case for her legal protection
ceases also.

In this eternal matter of the relations of
the sexes we cannot have it both ways.
Every agency of progress—true and spurious,
good and pernicious—has conspired to give
the feminine sex, of all ages, greater liberty,
and to diminish all the restraints on their
activities and conduct.

IF that end in itself is desirable, then we
must put up with the consequences. If
we abolish "old-fashioned" prejudices and
restraints, we cannot make the penalties for
their consequences more stringent. If the
modern spirit insists, on the one hand, on
social freedoms which stimulate the sexual
development and temptations of both sexes,
then that spirit cannot, on the other hand,
view with stricter reprehension (expressed
in terms of penal servitude without a
loophole) the indulgence only of the male.

GUIDE-BOOKS TO HADES

by MRS. H. A. L. FISHER
(Wife of the Minister of Education)

NO thinking person really regrets the
invention of printing, with its results,
the diffusion of the reading habit
and the cheap Press.

Yet when we think of sensation-mongering,
of the drugging of the minds of the many
with the sheer rubbish which is so easily
accessible, of the cloying of the mental
faculties with a nauseating diet of cheap
sentiment, of the atrocious English, the
ludicrous descriptions, the false ideas, we
are sometimes tempted, if not to forget at
least to under-estimate the value of the
other things—of the diffusion of knowledge,
of the possibility of universal access to the
greatest literature.

However, the good, let us hope, is per-
manent; the evil, due not so much to cheap
printing as to imperfect education. And
the remedy is not to diminish the flow of
printed matter, but by better education
to alter the nature of the demand.

There have presumably always been
persons who cater for the corrupt; the pro-
vider of the really foul meets the demand
of those who like his horrible wares.

Generally speaking, the books and
pamphlets of this kind probably reach those
for whom they are intended, and do little
harm to the rest of the world. But over and
above these, there is some dangerous writing.

For one thing, there is apparently a school
which honestly believes that the most out-
spoken description, the fullest analysis, the
most elaborate portrayal of certain problems
or abnormalities or aspects of life is not only
desirable but essential. Honesty is always
more dangerous, even if mistaken, than
dishonesty.

There are other writers, by whatever
motive they may be led, who seem almost
to provide guide-books to an undesirable
land. Incidents and descriptions stimulate
that side of life which requires anything but
stimulus; needs which most of us would
check are emphasised, problems only too
familiar to the social student are presented
not as problem but as pages of attractive
portraits.

Perhaps even worse are the endless chapters
of sickly, mawkish stuff—sham sentiment and
false passion, the volumes and volumes of
supersweetened poison. There is nothing
to be said for the hyper-sentimentality and
the cloying lusciousness of such as these.

To the experienced, the established, the
perfectly balanced, literature which suggests
evil, which over-emphasises certain sides
of life, may do but little harm. But to the
young, or the unbalanced, or those who are
still weak from long strain, grave ill may
result.

The danger is real, but it is not easy to
suggest a remedy. The freedom of the
Press is a right for which we have fought,
to which we cling. But sometimes we have
to pay a high price for that right. Moral
and physical health is the greatest asset of
any race. We must guard it with all care.

PROFITABLE CHARITY

Starving Children of Aberdeen

WE do not often interfere in the affairs of Scotland, but on this occasion deem it our bounden duty to draw attention to the activities of the Northern Evangelistic Association and the Aberdeen City and Central Mission, of which the Rev. A. J. Matthews, of 6, School Hill, Aberdeen, is Superintendent and Secretary.

This organisation exists "to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor and helpless," and in pursuance of this laudable aim sends its mission vans down to the South of England for the purpose of collecting funds from the charitable.

Why the inhabitants of Watford, for example, should be asked to subscribe for the "starving children of Aberdeen" we do not quite see; they have the claims of their own poor. But even admitting the right of the Mission to draw its contributions from the four quarters of the earth, we are still entitled to inquire as to the disbursement of the money.

In this respect we are by no means satisfied with the last available balance sheet of the Aberdeen City and Central Mission. Collections, donations, subscriptions, credit balance from special missions, harvest festival, special Christmas and New Year effort, etc., brought in the useful sum of £660 15s. 11d., to which may be added a balance of £13 from the previous year.

Now let us see how this money was expended.

Cleaning and repairs, rent and taxes, firing and light absorbed £90; printing, insurance, postage, travelling, advertising, and the re-payment of a small loan, got away with £63; miscellaneous charges—particulars whereof might provide interesting reading—amounted to £59; and salaries to £244.

Taking into account the declared balance of £30, it will be seen at once that the residue for charitable purposes was meagre; but it comes as a shock to find that of the total of £673 16s. 9d. collected, only £185 16s. 6½d. was expended in "Benevolent Work"!

Practically three-fourths of the donations were swallowed up in expenses! By seeking out the poor themselves, and bestowing alms direct, the charitable would be doing far better work than by providing itinerant missionaries and their head officials with funds to play with.

As recently as last January Matthews was charged in Aberdeen with causing money to be collected in the streets without a necessary permit. He was admonished and discharged.

We now admonish him for using so trivial a proportion of the alms entrusted to him and his agents for the benevolent purposes for which they were given.

BREEDING YOUNG TRAITORS

A Chance for Lansbury

THIS is by no means the first occasion on which we have had to refer in strong terms to the scurrilous propaganda inspired by the Communist Party, the purpose of which is to instil revolutionary doctrines into the receptive minds of children.

Now it has reached an unsavoury stage when it is frankly indecent and revolting.

It is an unpleasant story, but the fact remains that a party of over seventy children aged between three and twelve recently marched through London's streets, accompanied by men in red ties, singing in shrill voices the following disgusting doggerel:—

They have got the money.
They have got the money,
And we can't get a bob;
They tell us to love our Jesus Christ,
But there ain't no bleedin' God!

Could anything worse than this insensate blasphemy be imagined?

To the thinking person, the doggerel issued by the Communist Sunday Schools—the undisguised aim of which is to encourage children to despise and insult King and Country and to regard the Delt as a figure behind which the bloated capitalist shields himself—is rubbish that is an insult to the intelligence.

But the growing mind of a child, without guidance, cannot dis-

tinguish between right and wrong. What it is taught it believes, and it is scandalous that simple childish faith should be exploited in the direction of assimilating revolutionary, atheistic and socialistic doctrines.

An enlightening example of how the minds of children are fouled is evidenced in the Communist Catechism—a blasphemous production used in the Red Sunday Schools.

Here are a couple of typical questions and answers.

Question: Is it true that after Christ's death the Apostles received the Holy Ghost? **Answer:** It is not. The Apostles had imbibed too freely of wine and their dizzy heads imagined all sorts of queer things.

Question: Why must not a boy socialist salute the Union Jack? **Answer:** Because the Union Jack is an emblem of oppression and slavery.

If the public knew the extent to which the country is being flooded with seditious literature inspired by the Red propagandists, they would be astounded. It is high time that Scotland Yard's Secret Service Department made a serious effort to stamp out this subtle poison that aims at breeding young traitors.

What says Mr. George Lansbury—that Christian Socialist?

COLOSSAL CHEEK

"Bookie's" Cool Request

NOT to put too fine a point upon it, J. Bancroft, of The Homestead, Broadstairs, is a defaulting bookmaker, and does not seem in the least ashamed of the fact.

It may be true that injudicious "layers" are sometimes made to default by defaulting "backers"; but we have no reason to believe that this was so in the case of Bancroft.

Our attention was drawn to him by a Lincolnshire reader who, induced by one of Bancroft's circulars, sent him £1 to back Captain Cuttle "each way" for the Derby, and received a voucher stating that he was "on" at 10 to 1 to win, and 2½ to 1 for "a place."

The result of this year's Derby is common knowledge; but Bancroft not only failed to remit his winnings to the client mentioned, but utterly ignored his repeated requests for payment.

We then took the matter up, and received an amazing reply from Bancroft, in the course of which he said: "As I have such a lot of monies owing me, perhaps as one of your readers you could assist me in collecting some of it. If you can do so you can deduct the amount owing."

A cool request, to say the least. But we are not yet opening a department of that kind.

THE ROGUES' RETREAT

Accommodation Address Traps

MANY a snare lies hidden in an innocent-looking advertisement in which the address given for reply is an accommodation one, usually that of some small shopkeeper who seeks to augment his income by this means.

The law is far too lenient in the matter. All it requires is that the police shall be notified that the address is being used for such a purpose, a fee of one shilling paid for registration, and a register kept of all letters received for reward.

The usual charge made for taking in letters at these addresses is a penny each, and many small shopkeepers get hundreds of them every week. No person with evil designs could find a cheaper method of getting into touch with his victims while remaining in the background.

A man may advertise for a congenial companion, a private secretary, or a nurse. The girls who reply are unaware that the address is an accommodation one, and write in good faith, only to find themselves trapped into assignments which at the best result in unpleasantness and sad disillusion and at the worst may end in ruin and even death.

Genuine advertisers rarely make use of an accommodation address. Generally speaking, only rogues need them. Once a victim has fallen into the snare, the fowler

disappears whence he came, no one knows where.

How prevalent this practice is, and how numerous are the dupes who may be taken in by it, was shown recently when a couple of decadent youths advertised for a girl secretary in this manner and received over 200 replies.

Vendors of quack remedies often make a fat living in this way, extracting from their correspondents many shillings, and even guineas, for noisome nostrums which may do more harm than good. Home-work ramps and all sorts of similar schemes are run through the medium of these addresses, the advertisers disappearing as soon as a breath of suspicion blows on them.

Further, there are a number of large buildings in the heart of London which are really nothing but accommodation addresses, to which even the meagre safeguards provided by the police regulations do not apply.

In Holborn and Chancery Lane for instance, there are places where a small room, barely furnished with a table and chair, may be rented for five shillings a week. In these lairs scores of letters are received daily in reply to specious advertisements.

The Government would do well to turn its attention to these traps

A DOCKYARD INJUSTICE

Fairplay for Portsmouth Lad!

THE father of an apprentice at Portsmouth Dockyard has appealed to JOHN BULL for assistance in getting justice.

John Sampson was apprenticed at Gibraltar Dockyard in 1920, after passing sixth in a competitive examination. Some months afterwards the boy's father—an Army warrant officer—was ordered home and, as was customary in such cases, the authorities applied for the boy's transfer to Portsmouth.

This application must have been mislaid at the Admiralty, for the lad had been idle in Portsmouth for several months before he was admitted to the Dockyard there.

In the meantime a new system of dealing with apprentices transferred from overseas dockyards was brought in, and John Sampson was put under it, though several apprentices who had left Gibraltar at the same time as himself, and after him, were admitted under the old conditions, which were so much more advantageous than the new ones that a boy who sat at the same examination as Sampson, and took the place next above him, is now said to be getting 27s. 6d. a week against Sampson's 9s.

John Sampson suffers, therefore, because some official at the Admiralty neglected for some months to deal with the application for his transfer!

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY MAIL":—"Erskine Childers . . . is understood to be marching on Dublin at the head of 10,000 words."

"ROMFORD RECORDER":—"The ONLY WATER THAT COULD BE OBTAINED was from a pond, and THAT was not available because it WAS DRIED UP."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—"This is what you were working for!! A vacant house in Rawcliffe Road, Walton; HANDY FOR trams, trains, and GAOL; nice locality."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—"They are said to have added to their numbers by CONSCRIPTING VOLUNTEERS."

"HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS OBSERVER" (advertisement):—"For Sale, two PETROL TANKS complete, ONE WITH WALLS, 6 FT. SQUARE 4 FT. 6 IN. HIGH, ONE HOME-MADE FROM GOVERNMENT TENT-DUCK . . . HIGH WINDOW AT BACK."

"SOUTH WALES EVENING EXPRESS":—" . . . was summoned for not sending his DAUGHTER-IN-LAW regularly to school."

"EAST ESSEX ADVERTISER AND LACTON NEWS" (advertisement):—"One BEDROOM to let . . . SLEEPING OUT, no attendance."

"BRADFORD DAILY ARGUS" (advertisement):—"PANEL CANDELABRA, handsome, latest style, BEAUTIFUL IVORY KEYS. FULL COMPASS."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN



"I HAVE called," said the Impertinent Interviewer, "to see the Duke of Leinster, Baron Offaly, the Earl of Kildare, Viscount Leinster, the Marquis of Kildare, the Earl of Offaly and Baron Kildare—are any of 'em—I mean, is all of him—at home?"

The servant glanced at Bertie's card. "Ah, Mr. Bertie Bull? His Grace is expecting you, sir; will you step this way?"

"Morning, Bull," remarked the Duke of Leinster. "Thought you'd be along, as my little motoring trip from London to Aberdeen seems to have annoyed some members of the Bull family, though I can't imagine why."

"That's just it, my dear young petrol maniac," replied the Interviewer; "it is your complete bally lack of imagination that annoys the ordinary bloke. If you had

any, the thought might have found its way into your giddy young cranium that, at a time when there is so much unemployment and distress, an unemployed Duke might find something more useful to do with his time and money than to spend both in scorching about the country at 40 miles an hour."

"Forty miles an hour? I like that!" exclaimed the Duke indignantly. "There were times when I did 75 miles!"

"Well, my aristocratic infant," the Interviewer told him, "if I were a Dook, a Markiss, two belted Earls, a Viscount and a couple of Barons all rolled into one, I would not boast of having completed a silly ass journey at about twice the legal speed limit."

The Duke frowned. "It's all very well for you to sit there guying me," he protested; "but when you see the chance of winning a three thousand pound wager—"

"Three thousand!" exclaimed Bertie. "My dear young Cræsus, I've never learned to count up to anything like that—not in pounds. It's certainly a tidy sum and would keep some unemployed families for half a lifetime; but I don't suppose it would keep an unemployed Duke in petrol and police court fines for more than a year or

so, which is what makes me wonder if, in your case, the game was worth the scandal. As for this ketch-as-ketch-can contest you're talking of—"

"Well, what's wrong with that?" demanded the Duke. "I'm going to cross the Atlantic in a 12-ton ketch. They can't set police traps for me in the ocean, and it's nobody's business but my own."

"And a very well-advertised business, too," remarked Bertie; "I'm sure C. B. Cochran must envy you your publicity agent. But what I was going to say was, that as the Atlantic is pretty wide and rather deep in places, and all kinds of accidents may happen, I thought you might feel inclined to propitiate the jolly old fates by allotting some of your unemployment dole—"

"My what?"

"Beg pardon; I meant to say your —er—trophy—the jolly old three thou., don't cher know—I was going to suggest that a contribution to charity—one of the hospitals, say, or perhaps—"

"Sorry to interrupt," remarked the Duke, "but I really must leave. Got an appointment with the Tunbridge Wells Bench. I've disappointed 'em twice already and they're talking of taking out a warrant."

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Lucco," 9d.; T. O. H. (Rhyf), 2s. 6d.; H. O. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; A. J. J. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; "Stopped Tap," 1s.; G. G. (Kilburn), 1s.; W. G. G. (Caldercraix), 1s.; "Faith," 2s. 6d.; B. G. (Dundee), 5s.; E. L. (Bayswater), £10; M. T. N., 5s.; A. B. (Droitwich), 5s.; C. C. K., 2s. 6d.; W. N. (Dunmurry), 1s. 7d.; A. J. O. (West Ham), 2s. 6d.; B. O. S. S. (Purley), 10s.; "Yam" (London, E.15), 1s.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; B. T., 1s.; Mrs. M. B. (Bexhill), 1s.; Mrs. P. (Manchester), 6d.; G. C. (Aberystwyth), 5s.; W. M. (Heldelberg), £1; Mrs. A. S. (Wolverhampton), 1s.; M. T., 5s.; E. W. (Bowerby Bridge), 2s.; J. G. F. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; W. A. F. (Ashford), 10s.; Anon. (Brighton), 7s. 6d.; "R." (Bexhill), £1 10s.; G. J. (Forest Gate), 2s. and parcel; "A Reader" (Southampton), 5s.; "Mother of Nine," 1s.; "In Memory of Harry," 5s.; "Taxi Driver 3667," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. (St. Austell), 2s.; "Mother K." (Norwich), 5s.; W. M. S. (Glasgow), 10s.; G. M. E. (Edgbaston), 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s. 6d.; A. M. (Conventry), 1s.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 1s.; M. T. (Ripon), 2s.; E. A. D. (Malmesbury), 10s.; C. B. (Stratford), 1s.; C. G. N., 2s.; "Moonraker," 1s.; F. P. Gd.; P. A. K., 2s.; E. O. (Bagnasco), £10; B. F. (Rochford), 2s. 6d.; B. F. N., 1s.; M. A. F. M. (Folkstone), £2; S. E. C. (Shanghai), 3s.; "Just a Nemo," £1; E. B. E., 2s. 6d.; C. B. (Northants), parcel; F. G. (Brighton), parcel; Mrs. B. B. (Fishponds), parcel; Mrs. H. C. (Winslow), parcel; "Widowed" (Acton), parcel.

No working expenses are deducted from subscriptions to this fund, all outgoings being gladly provided by us. Help us to help those in distress.

THE TRAGIC MAN

From "Humanist's" Letter Bag

"MY father, mother, sister and myself lived very happily up till I was 12½ years old, then my sorrows began. My father was killed before my good mother's eyes, with a horse and cart—the shaft went through his side. I thought all life was done then for us, I missed him so very much. We got knocked about a lot after. Then I came to Scotland, got married to a good, kind, honest and loving woman. War broke out. I was at Ypres in 1915, a telegram came—wee daughter dead. She had stood on a rusty tack. The doctor said she had fever. She was taken to Motherwell Fever Hospital. They treated her for fever, but when she was dying they found it was septic poisoning. A year passed, I was at the Somme battle. Another telegram, saying my little daughter, age 7 years, was dead. She was playing with other children at the Blackie Pit rubbish heap that was on fire at Carfin, her clothes caught fire—she was burnt to death.

"We removed from there to this place after I was discharged from hospital (medically unfit), 1919. Then October last year our little boy, age 3 years (we loved him dearly), fell into a pot of boiling water and died the next day. The

day it happened I was warned to go into hospital for treatment. I suffer from cardiac disease and neurasthenia, and I am unable to work. I was told I would get clean underclothes in the hospital, so I took none with me. I asked for clean clothes three times from the Sister, but she insulted me every time. I could not stand it, my wife being so upset about the little boy, etc., so I came away. The Ministry, because of my refusing this treatment, broke my pension from 60 per cent. to 40 per cent.

"Now, sir, this final blow has knocked me out. On 29th May last my wife, who was strong, happy, healthy, good and kind, was in childbed. The doctor and nurse came at 9 p.m., the baby boy was born at 9.30 p.m., and at 12.30 a.m. my poor wife was dead. The baby boy lived 27 hours, then died also. I am left with a family of five children, the two oldest are at service, but the doctor says that the oldest daughter must come home to look after and watch my little boy, age 2 years, and myself—we both have heart attacks. All this must be done on my pension of 16s. a week for myself; the little boy gets no pension. The other two little girls get a few coppers of a pension.

"I have written to your Greatest of These Fund and the Secretary has asked for proof, so I have sent him a letter from my clergyman, Mr. —."

(Note: "The Greatest of These" Fund sent this poor fellow £2 as soon as proof was received.)

"I have seen the shambles at Loos and Ypres, and at Nieuport in 1917, but the shambles that I saw when I went into my wife's death room was the worst. My wife caught me by the neck and kept saying, 'Oh, Tom, I'm dying; oh, my wee laddies!' I said 'Pray, Jeanie,' and she prayed lovely for herself, for her children and for me; she then cried the name of the wee boy that was burnt to death, and said 'It is all over now, Tom'—then she was gone. She has left me broken-hearted, also I am broken in health; my head is bent, my hair is very grey, and my feet do stagger. May God have mercy on me and my little children! Oh, sir, how we do miss her kind voice and happy smiles and laughter; to think that she is gone brings horrible thoughts to me, and at nights I think that I shall go mad. Nights are hell to me, I fear them. I also fear God very much. I am afraid he will strike me again, and I cannot bear it."

"The Boys"

"THE boys" have signified their disapproval of the fearless attacks which J. M. Dick of the *Evening News* had made upon them by mobbing him in broad daylight in Newmarket—practically under the eyes of the King.

This is something more than an attack upon J. M. D. It is a challenge to the racing authorities to deal with that organised ruffianism which the Bookmakers' Protection Association cannot suppress.

It is only a step from the gangster to the gunman, and there will be serious trouble unless the Jockey Club moves to deal with the evil.

There can be only one treatment for the "basher," and that is the lash. I am not one of those people who lightly heartedly advocate this dreadful punishment. I have seen two men flogged in my life, and I would rather see twenty hangings, which are at least clean and painless. The lash usually breaks a man's heart, and he carries the horror of it to the end of his days. But it is a deterrent—the most effective deterrent to ruffianism I know.

Two Classes of "Boys."

There is one thing to be said about "the boys" that there are two distinct classes. The race course "get a bit" who, as one of these gentlemen described it, "thieves honest"—he is not a particularly ferocious person. He is in the same category as the skilled thief who joins the crowd trying to board an omnibus. It is his "basher" who is the villain of the piece—the man who trips up (and invariably kicks) the person who is robbed when he tries to pursue the pickpocket. These "min-

ders" you can see any day in the working parties at Dartmoor. They belong to the habitual criminal class and have no special leanings to racing. You can hire them for a dollar a day, and they accept the imprisonment which comes to them at regular intervals with philosophy.

Low Mentality.

Mostly they are men of a singularly low mentality and almost insensible to pain. I once assisted at a capital operation on one of them—he had smashed his leg jumping from a train, and the operation was performed instantly, in a station waiting room. And the operation was practically performed without an anaesthetic! He did not flinch. Yet under the lash that man would have curled up.

A Course Tipster.

THE racecourse sharper seldom does his own dirty work, and poor J. M. D. was obviously attacked at the instigation of the race course tipsters whom he has been slating. (I made a reference to this last week.) For my own part, I could wish that he would leave these more or less harmless people alone. They have their living to get, and at least they are as honest as any other variety of tipster. And they are not without a sense of humour. I always remember One-eyed Scottie and the scathing comment of a rival.

"Blimey, I can't find winners with both eyes—how do you expect him to find 'em with one?"

A Remedy.

The remedy for "the boys" is, as I have pointed out for years: (1) The establishment of a Jockey Club police force—

SPORTS and

IN CONJUNCTION WITH "The SPORTING LIFE"

picked men and ruthless. (2) The appointment of a travelling stipendiary magistrate to deal with all cases arising from race meetings. And for the professional "basher" who sells his brute strength to the highest bidder, that little whip with the felt-covered handle and the nine lengths of yellow tipped whipcord. It is a great tamer of beasts.

MANTON'S BEST?

A LITTLE time ago, Major Beatty could not do right. To-day he holds not a few keys of turf form.

"There goes a Stewards' Cup!" said a disgruntled backer as "Black Gown" romped home an easy winner on Wednesday. The truth is, in home gallops (I think I can say this now that the Stewards' Cup weights are out) Service Kit is the superior of the two, though it is quite on the cards that Black Gown will run and make a better show than his stable companion.

Service Kit is a real good horse over this distance. The tips, as I write, are Lembach (connections very confident) Tete-a-Tete (this comes to me from an inspired quarter), Lady Juror ("a certainty if she gets anything under 8.7," writes my Manton correspondent) and Service Kit.

I must confess to a sneaking regard for Tete-a-Tete, though I have a wholesome respect for Mr. Alec. Taylor's chosen.

A Lucky Race.

Curiously enough, I have tipped the winner of this race ten times out of fourteen, and whilst to-day my inclinations wobble between the four I have mentioned, I shall not commit myself to a definite selection before Monday night, when I will send to all readers of JOHN BULL who send me an addressed envelope the very latest about this race. I have an idea that it will be won by a horse who will start somewhere about 8-1. At the moment I cannot see the likely outsider which I saw in such horses as old Braxted, who won for me a few years ago. So please send at once if you want my last minute tip. The fate of Tuesday's selection has not, at the moment of writing, been decided. I hope we start well with a winner.

HORSES TO WATCH.

Captain Fracasse is not in the St. Leger—more's the pity. He is not very far from the best of the year, and although his opportunities this year for scoring are necessarily limited, he will be making his mark in turf history by the time Ascot comes round again.

Hide Away is well above selling plate class, and will be heard of when the nursery season starts. He "put it all over" Noce d'Argent in a trial before Lingfield, though I understand Noce d'Argent was giving weight. Victor Tabor, by the way, is a very fine trainer and he ought to have something better in his stable than platers.

Pinemartin has only been beaten this year by hot 'uns like Cortona and Lenglen. Krown last year as the Princess Amie c, he is a cut above plating class and should be followed.

Proconsul has by no means finished his winning account for the year. He has been going great guns at Lambourn, and may be worth an each way bet in the Stewards' Cup.

Chivalrous should be remembered as one who is better over two miles than a shorter journey. The Ascot form can, with advantage, be forgotten.

Nobody Wants Lucentio.

LUCENTIO has won three races this year, has three times gone into the sales ring, and on neither occasion has there been found a judge of horse-flesh sufficiently bold to bid a sovereign for him.

I wonder how many people remember that Lucentio won a good nursery at Newmarket as a two year old, ran second to Daylight Patrol at Ascot, and ran Devizes to a length and a half at Doncaster at level weight! All these latter happenings occurred two years ago. Since then he has won four races—selling races it is true—but it is a much better record than some of the boomed horses we read about.

A Text Book on Racing.

ONE of these fine days I am going to write a book on racing for the guidance of the legal profession. There was a recent case in the Courts where a certain rascal was sent to imprisonment for defrauding a rich colonial. In the course of the evidence scorn was poured upon the suggestion that it is possible to back a horse so that whether he wins or loses the backer makes money. According to the gentlemen of the bar, that in itself was so absurd a proposition that the victim of the swindle should not for a moment have been deceived. As a matter of fact, it is not an absurd suggestion at all. Hundreds of men make a good living by backing horses so that, whether they win or lose, they stand to make a bit. To say that such a system is impossible is to argue in total ignorance of the methods of turf speculation.

THERE is a crowd that goes racing with no other purpose than to jump in and get a nice price about a horse that is certain to "come" in the market, and to lay off a portion of their money when the price contracts. I have known men who, having taken fifteen to eight, have laid off at six to four and made what a good many of us poor working people would regard as a small fortune in the process.

The Best Tipster.

"WHO gives you your best tips?" a friend of mine asked me the other day, and I told him, without hesitation, "Bookmakers." I have more winners from one well-known man in Tattersalls than from any other source. He is a scientific bookmaker

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

LIVERPOOL (WEDNESDAY).—HILL House SELLING: *Stop Watch* (Barbara Duchess, Longship Light). **CRUICK HOUSE** SELLING: *Edge's Selected* (Picline, Quartz). **ST. GEORGE'S STAKES:** *Prestonrange* (Polyhistor, The Downs). **MOLYNEUX STAKES:** *Night Patrol* (Francis Joseph, King Sol). **MENBY STAKES:** *Pharos* (Coventry, Trajanus).

LIVERPOOL (THURSDAY).—GRAS- MERE SELLING: *Tramson* (Crush). **LIVERPOOL PLATE:** *Lord Derby's Selected* (Backwood, Adoma). **KNOWSLY DINNER PLATE:** *Selene* (Soubriquet, North End). **LANCASHIRE BREEDERS' PLATE:** *Oss* (Mou-bite, Ishtar). **SCHOOL HOUSE SELLING:** *Miss China Keen* (Dream Lady, Cherry Tart). **CROXTETH STAKES:** *Cylyda* (Alienor, Book-Jore).

LIVERPOOL (FRIDAY).—RIVERSIDE SELLING: *Skerryvore* (Policewoman, Sun-shot f.). **WITBINS SELLING:** *Billy Sunday*

Free Racing Contest

THE TIC-TAC (the Shilling Weekly Racing Guide) offers

£200 FOR PLACING THE FIRST FOUR in the Goodwood Plate

(2 miles 3 furlongs) run on Wednesday, July 26th, 1922.

£200 will be awarded to the competitor or competitors who correctly place on ONE COUPON the names of the First Four in the correct order in which they finish.

HORSES ENTERED.

SANGRAIL	SOLACE	EAGLEHAWK	SILVER CREST
COTTAGE	CHIVALROUS	BUMBLE BEE	FLINT JACK
WEST KENT	ALEGRIA	WILLONIA	THE VILLAGER
TOMATIN	VILNA	WARRIOR	END O' TALE
ACHANALT	LIGHT DRAGON	KOUSMA	STANISLAUS
BROKEN FAITH	CEYLONESE	AIR BALLOON	GLORIOSO
LORD QUEX	GRENOBLE	JUNISO	ACTIVE LAD
	LAW COURT	PASS THE MINT	

CUT ENTRY COUPON HERE

TIC-TAC GOODWOOD PLATE CONTEST.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Contest and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the proprietor of the Tic-Tac in all matters relating thereto. I enter on this distinct understanding. I also agree to enclose stamped addressed envelope for a free copy of Tic-Tac, containing result and issued on Tuesday, August 15th.

Name Address

IMPORTANT—Only One Coupon from each competitor and each address. The contest is organized to introduce the Tic-Tac to thousands of new readers, and a condition is that you enclose a Stamped Address for a copy of the Tic-Tac (Aug. 15th issue) containing result. Entries must be addressed to

TIC-TAC, GOODWOOD CONTEST, Myton Chambers, HULL and must arrive NOT LATER than first post on Wednesday, July 26th, 1922. Competitors must write their christian and surname on back of envelope or entry will be void—as for example "William James Smith, Doncaster."

CLAIMS IF YOU WIN—If you succeed in placing the First Four you must send in a claim by postcard (not letter) marked "claim" to be received not later than Saturday, July 29th, and addressed to "Claim," Tic-Tac Office, Myton Chambers, HULL.

Free Wires—Free Overnight Letters

The Tic-Tac is issued weekly at 1/- and stamped address (only obtainable by post) or twelve weeks for 10/- post paid, and to all who subscribe for 12 weeks a coupon is issued which entitles them to receive Free Information by Special Letters or Telegrams. Orders can be sent together with entry for above contest.

Over 1,000 CLAIMS PAID—REGISTER TO-DAY

SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

who does not care very much which horse wins, because his book is made to show a profit on all eventualities, although sometimes he has got it in the neck, as has every other big betting pencil. I have had some real good winners from this gentleman, who is one of the kindest and straightest of men in Tattersalls, and, I might add, one of the best judges of running I have ever met. With his horn-rimmed spectacles and his general air of benevolence, he has something of the appearance of a bishop, though I understand he has never been in the Church.

Ready-money Betting.

I AM looking forward to the day when our absurd betting laws will be altered, and licensed book-makers will be able to receive ready-money bets at their places of business. The present law is cruel and unjust. It is not only unjust, but it protects the rogues and penalises the honest. The much vaunted credit system spells ruin to hundreds of punters who bet more than they can afford, in the hope that by settling day they will have found a winner to cover their losses. Betting on credit is very much like buying on credit. You incur liabilities which you cannot always afford to discharge.

IT is so easy to have a fiver on a horse on Tuesday. It doesn't seem possible that the whole week can pass without your finding a winner to recoup any loss you might make on the first day of racing—with the result that by the time the last race on Friday is run, you have a long string of losers to your discredit and a fat bill to settle by Monday morning. Ready-money betting is the cleanest and most honest method and one which affords the maximum protection to the punter against himself. The thick-headed reformers cannot see that the furtive street bookmaker is a man to be encouraged, providing always that his reliability is beyond question.

IT is surely the duty of those responsible for the government of the turf to keep a reliable record of every event that is run under the rules of racing. There should be an official timer, who is as important a personage as the keeper of the match book or the clerk of the course. If our turf rulers refuse to instal the necessary apparatus for automatic timing, they

SELECTIONS.

Tetrabazis (Craigangower, Sir Greysteel). **LIVERPOOL CUP:** Evander. **WINDERMERE PLATE:** Sun Orb (Grecian Beauty, Ulysses). **JOLIFFE PLATE:** Scorpio (Krake, Exchange).

HURST PARK (FRIDAY).—SURREYTON SELLING: Soldier Song (Featherstone, Varlet). **WALTON SELLING:** Gammadion (Orator, Turkey Trot). **HENRY VIII. STAKES:** Volense (Gant's Selected). **LAMBTON CUP:** Milenko (Sorrel, Lakers). **VYNER HANDICAP:** Blue Cloud (Gallio, Ugly Duckling). **MOLESBY STAKES:** Foxhound (Red Rock, His Excellency).

HURST PARK (SATURDAY).—BUSHY SELLING: Glastonbury (Garrison, Sunshot I.). **WIMBLEDON SELLING HANDICAP:** Squaron (Transom, Magnificans). **EARLSFIELD HANDICAP:** Pretty Dick (Blamey Stone, Well Beloved). **HURST PARK PLATE:** Cos (Bells Life, Tarpon). **DUCHESS OF YORK STAKES:** Dragoon (Bhuidhaonach, Silver Band). **KINGSTON HANDICAP:** Lady Diana (Thealby, Mizzzen Mast).

should at least appoint an official whose business it is to put the clock on every race that is run. As it is, the timing is a most haphazard business.

Racing executives could well afford the appointment of a timer who might devote his spare moments to the supervision of entries, a reform for which *Sporting Life* has very properly called.

The Law of Luck.

"Is there a law of chance?" asked a correspondent. There is, of course, a mathematical law of chance when only blind chance is concerned, as, for example, in playing roulette, etc. But there is certainly a law of luck, which has a great deal to do with unbalanced judgment. For a backer of horses who strikes a bad patch, there is only one remedy—that is, to give up betting until his luck turns. If he fails to do this, whatever he does will be wrong.

Can't Do Right.

WHEN a man out of luck says "if I back that horse he will drop dead," he is exaggerating only to a small extent. It sounds a fantastical theory and a reversion of cause and effect, but I should say that many a cast iron certainty has come unstuck because it has been heavily backed by a man who is so dead out of luck that he has influenced the horse's performance!

Another curious factor I have noticed amongst my colleagues who have to make selections in their newspapers is, that if they are dead out of form in their journals, they have tremendous luck in their own investments, and vice versa. I met a man at Sandown who had lost three hundred pounds and had tipped four out of six winners, and one or two of them at a good price.

ROWLEY MILE STONES

Send an addressed envelope (stamped) to "Rowley Mile," JOHN BULL, Long Acre, and he will send you the winner of the Stewards' Cup.

Collaborator will one day win a race at 20-1.

Town Guard is likely to be favourite for next year's Derby.

Some of the very clever people who go racing say Tote-a-Tote is a certainty for the Stewards' Cup.

Once more: Avoid mile sellers. It is a better way of saving money than buying War Stock.

Colonial form is 28 lbs. behind ours.

Ciliata will win some nice races this autumn.

Never allow Captain Fracasse to run loose.

Mr. Alex Taylor has a two-year-old which is 21 lbs. better than Mote d'Or.

A suggestion to a certain owner with a passion for fantastic nomenclature: Name a yearling Loofyllia.

The enthusiastic owner who thinks every one of his horses is a certainty costs you a lot of money, but he gives you a lot of excitement.

Free Selection for Stewards' Cup

Name

Address

Send this Coupon with your letter.

Sportingalities

by EDGAR WALLACE

THE first time I met Solomon Joel was in Johannesburg. I think it was Carl Hanau who introduced us. In those days he was as often called "Jolly Soul" as "Solly Joel," and he has still a very keen sense of humour. Which is remarkable, for the accumulation of great wealth is very destructive to a sense of fun. And he has not been without his private worries. Nevertheless, I don't think he looks very much older than when I glimpsed him some twenty years ago.

It is queer, remembering his enormous wealth, that one hears so little to his discredit. I cannot think of another millionaire about whom some dark and sinister stories do not circulate. Either they are mad or mean; have strange and horrid amusements, or are secretly suffering from some incurable malady.

"X." Oh yes, poor X. isn't to be envied. He is worth three millions, but they say he has to be fed with a spoon."

Or else there are tales of this kind: "It's sad about Z.—worth three millions and hasn't been sober for years. He has a bottle of whiskey for breakfast, and never goes to sleep before he has drunk a magnum of Bollinger."

But nobody ever hints that Solomon Joel drinks or has mysterious tastes. In spite of his millions he is the most normal man I have ever met. I have never had business transactions with him; but I am told that there are many people who have had who wish he would drink! Undoubtedly he is a pillar of the turf. His horses are run out, and he spends



SOLOMON B. JOEL.

liberally to keep his stable at the top. The fiasco of Pondoland's Derby was probably the greatest surprise he has had in his racing career, for those who should have known better advised him that, despite Pondoland having been stopped in his work, he could "fall down and get up and then win!" Pondoland did not fall down, and he did not get up, and he did not win. Some day, however, Pommern's success will be repeated—and on Epsom Downs.

FREE WIRES! FREE LETTERS!

MOST AMAZING TURF
OFFER EVER MADE.

£10 Worth of Information.

To all who subscribe to the Tic-Tac.

The Tic-Tac is the best-written, most readable Turf Special before the British public. Thousands of subscribers carefully watch the future engagements of the horses given under "Coming Winners" on the front page. The horses recommended nearly all win in due course and it is a fact that

Over 150 Winners have
been given during this
Season already.

The Tic-Tac is issued at 1s. and stamped address for single issue or 10s. for 12 weeks post free. But the Proprietor of the Tic-Tac desires to do all his readers as much good as he can, and he makes the most sensational offer to all who subscribe for 12 weeks or more, that has ever been made to racing men. By sending 10s. for 12 weeks, you will secure the right to receive TEN FREE WIRES, or LETTER MESSAGES of late jobs. These jobs are absolutely the best information that money can buy. They average two or three per week and usually one horse only, but two if we have every confidence in two winning. Post at once and be in time for

A Big Special for LIVERPOOL CUP.

Don't forget single issue 1s., and stamped address, 12 issues 10s. post free, and offer of £10 worth of Free Wires or overnight letters.

TIC-TAC (Box B),
Myton Chambers, Hull.

SPORTING PRINTING

If you want GOOD printing on good paper with promptitude, you can rely upon

THE PARAGON PRINTING CO.,

who specialise for Sportsmen. The prices are the LOWEST obtainable anywhere for Best Class Work.

Rule Card Booklets 9/- per 100
Statement Forms - 10/- per 1,000
Future Event Price Cards
10/6 per 100

Write for Free Samples

and state requirements. Special Reductions for large quantities. We have the latest quick-running machinery.

THE PARAGON PRINTING WORKS,

83, WALKERGATE,

BEVERLEY, YORKS.

Telegraphic Address: "Coupons, Beverley"
Telephone: Beverley 277.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)



FOR many months past there has been an increasing evidence of the tendency on the part of certain employers and of various municipal authorities to forget that special consideration is still the right of the genuine ex-Service man. Unless he is firmly consolidated within the ranks of the British Legion, the conscience of the commercial and industrial world will weaken still more as the war, with its memories, recedes farther into the past.

BUT the State, above all others, should be the last to commit any act detrimental to ex-Service men's interests. The nation asks that economy should be practised in all Departments, as high taxation contributes in a large measure to prevent reabsorption in civil life.

NO economy, however, must be effected against the best interests of the men and women who served, and of the dependants of the fallen. On various occasions it has been denied that the Government has any such intention, and yet their words are contradicted by their actions.

MEN came back from the ordeal of battle crippled in body. In innumerable instances their hold on life is feeble, and it is only because they have been in receipt of special diet allowances that many are living to-day—and yet the Government says that the men who have suffered most should now be deprived of any allowance they may have received.

THE fact can scarcely be credited; but it is so. The Legion concerns itself not at all in Party politics, but if it were not to protest with all the power at its disposal it would be lacking not only in initiative but also in its desire to protect the welfare of all who served.

A Sick Man's Anxiety:—The regulation under which a widow whose husband dies later than seven years after his discharge is not given the same treatment as one whose husband dies within that period, is pitifully hard. The man in many cases has been incapacitated from work for a long time; he has been lying on a bed of sickness; he has been incurably ill. He knows that unless he dies within a certain period his widow will not be treated on the same scale as many of her neighbours. Could anything be more tragic? It's up to the Government to amend this regulation, which causes much mental anxiety and distress to the sick.

Of Interest to Widows:—Widows of men deceased in former wars who were married on the strength have now been granted a concession whereby their pensions are brought up to the Great War rates. The remarriage gratuity is now payable in the case of a widow who, since 22nd December, 1916, has married her deceased husband's brother. Both these concessions, which will benefit many, but which are comparatively little known, were obtained through the instrumentality of the Legion.

Something for Sailors:—The Naval Prize Fund money is now being finally distributed. The full value of one share, earned by 30 months' qualifying service, is £3 15s., with a minimum of £1. The qualifications for participation are the same as for the first distribution. No assignments of prize-money can be recognised. Payment to those still serving (including the Royal Air Force, late Royal Naval Air Service) is being made through the ships or depots, etc., in which they are borne.

Bands in the Streets:—Genuine ex-Service men who play in street bands solely because they are unable to obtain employment deserve the utmost sympathy, but, of course, there are others who masquerade as disabled Tommies. Portsmouth has had experience of this type, and the Legion there is co-operating with the authorities. One case was that of a blind man who had a card saying he had lost his sight in the war, and another was that of a man with one leg who had never served at all. The public is ready to open its heart to deserving cases, but impostors bring discredit on all who served and are now down on their luck.

The Jockey Club:—The Surrey Council of the Legion is moving along right lines, and is doing splendid work. Like all of us, it thinks that the ex-Service man is

not getting a fair share of the work that is going. All things being equal, the men who fought should get the first chance. So it has written to the Royal Agricultural Society, the Jockey Club, and other institutions, with a view to getting them employment. It has pointed out—and rightly emphasised—that practically any ex-Service man could perform the duties required as well as pensioned officials.

Pensions, Appeals:—The recommendations of the Departmental Committee are being gradually carried out, and, as a result of the representations which have been made by the Legion, instructions have now been given for Recommendation No. 185 to be brought into effect. In future, in the case of men's appeals, two copies of the *precis* sent to the Tribunal will be sent direct to the appellant without application—one for himself and one for the information of any friend whom he may desire to assist him at the hearing of the appeal. In the case of a man who is in an asylum, one copy will be sent to the Medical Superintendent and a further copy supplied to a representative on request.

Saved from Prison:—Where possible, the Legion gives legal advice and assistance to its members. At the very enterprising branch at Walsall they have the benefit of solicitors as officials. An old soldier distinguished between "disability" and "Service" pension when filling up a form asking for help from the Guardians. The error was discovered, the Guardians prosecuted, and the Magistrates sent the man to prison. An appeal was lodged against the conviction, and at the Quarter Sessions the sentence was quashed. The offender was bound over, and through the Legion the man was saved from being tainted with prison.

Fallen on Evil Days:—A Lancashire branch has retrieved the fortunes of a small business owner who had fallen on evil days. This man, who had had a University education and could speak four languages, had to close down his premises owing to the depression in trade. He was almost at the end of his resources when the Legion was told of his troubles. We quickly set our machinery in motion, placed food in the family larder, and arranged for the comfort of the wife who was ill. We also helped to reopen the business.

Satisfying the Landlord:—Not far from Wolverhampton an ex-Service man and his family were in a state of great destitution. Not even his splendid war record could

help him to get work, and each week the domestic situation was getting worse. Bit by bit the furniture was sold to provide food, and the rent fell in arrears. The family were in immediate danger of being ejected, but the Legion satisfied the landlord, provided the family with groceries and other things, and later found work for the husband and father.

Valuable Work Done:—Every week the Unity Relief Fund is helping in various ways. A hardware and oil man was enabled to buy a pony and cart to travel about the West Midlands; a disabled Colonial who had been trained by an artificial limb maker was given a loan to buy tools so that he could start work; a jewel-case maker was granted enough to justify him in taking another ex-Service man into his employment; a commercial artist who wanted to buy paint, paper, and material, as he had promises of a considerable amount of work, was also helped.

A Warning to the Unwary:—The Legion would like to enforce the warning issued by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police to ex-Service men who, having small capital, and desiring to start in business, hand their money, without full inquiry, to persons offering partnerships, business openings, or employment. The methods of those engineering such frauds are ingenious and plausible. Ex-Service men, beware of such cheats!

Fell in the Dry Dock:—Another of the difficult cases of the Legion which was fought successfully was that of an East Anglian widow. On returning off leave, her husband fell into the dry dock at Chatham, and was killed. The Ministry denied liability, saying that sufficient care had not been exercised by the poor fellow. We contested that view, and the Tribunal agreed that the authorities were to blame in not having the dock properly lighted. The widow gets a pension, for which she has expressed her gratitude.

Within Ten Days:—A Lambeth man served his country in India, South Africa, and France, and, on discharge, had been in the ranks for 21 years. He was anxious that his Service pension should be reassessed under Army Order 325. For three years he had tried various ways, but in each attempt got no further forward. He laid his case before us. We took it up, and within ten days had everything settled on a satisfactory basis. The man got arrears of £57—a sum that was very useful to him, as he had been workless for a long time.

For that "Something Wrong Inside" Feeling.

Some expert advice. What to do when you are not really ill, but suffer from mental and bodily languor, liverishness, headache, coated tongue, bad breath, pimply complexion, nervousness, etc. Whatever you do avoid drugging, says

ALICE LANDLES (Certified Nurse).

Clogged, sluggish and congested liver, kidneys or intestines with the attendant rheumatism, languor, biliousness, defective vision, catarrh, indigestion, and impure blood, should never be neglected. They mean constipation, "the beginning of all



disease," for dangerous toxins are then being constantly absorbed straight into the blood, although sufferers seldom even suspect the real cause of all their troubles. Powerful mixtures and drugs like calomel (mercury) may irritate the liver to convulsive action, but do not stop

adherence to walls of the intestines, nor cleanse and strengthen the delicate network of secretory ducts and absorbent glands. For this latter purpose doctors agree there is no solvent, cleansing and blood-purifying agent equal to the deposits of certain natural medicinal waters, obtainable at slight cost from any chemist as pure refined Alkalis. Take before breakfast a level tea-spoonful of this pleasant-tasting compound in a half-tumbler of water, and notice how all symptoms of rheumatic or other body poisons vanish within two or three days, and you begin to enjoy life as Nature intended. Mental effort and concentration becomes easy again, hard work a pleasure and any pain or constant tired feeling will disappear. Even gallstones or other painful concretions of sharp uric acid crystals and impure mineral salts may thus be dissolved. Avoid all strong cathartic pills, patent medicines, lowering salts, drugs or highly alcoholic stimulants, eat moderately, and drink occasionally a little salted water—Nature's own blood clarifier, uric acid solvent and eliminant of all impurities—then you need never fear a recurrence.—A.L.

The CITY LIFE Assurance Company, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9549

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director,
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

YOUR MOST PRECIOUS ASSET IS YOUR HEALTH

GUARD it with all your strength. Free information and literature can be obtained (in strict confidence and in a plain cover) from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 84a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Everyone should possess the "Wellfare Library" (7 books on mental subjects), 1/3 post free.



No. 1

of a New Wireless Magazine for Amateurs

Already thousands are listening-in at concerts and other forms of entertainment. How is it done? Can you do it? What does it cost?

In plain, simple language. The Broadcaster shows you the fascinating possibilities of wireless. Here are exclusive articles to keep the amateur abreast of the times.

The Broadcaster is the first English Monthly Wireless Magazine.

Get No. 1 to-day

The Broadcaster

THE RADIOPHONE MONTHLY FOR LISTENERS - IN

ONE SHILLING.

Don't Miss
the Exclusive inter-
view with
**GODFREY
ISAACS**
on Broad-
casting.

Weeping Eczema

Lasted a Year and Resisted all Treatment.



Mr. W. P. Lyons.

Soothed at once and Quickly
Healed by Germolene.

Mr. W. P. Lyons, 23, Graham Road, Lower Edmonton, London, N., says: "I had suffered with weeping eczema in the bend of my arm for over a year, and in less than a week Germolene practically cured it—that is to say all the terrible itching and heat had gone and healing soon followed. The trouble was caused by melting sealing-wax falling on my arms. In tearing it off the skin came with it, and it was after the healing of the burn that itching and weeping began. The arm became almost raw with eczema. Then it made its appearance on the other arm, and the pain and itching I endured were truly awful. Nothing did any good but Germolene. That, as I have said, cured completely, and now there is not a blemish on either of my arms."

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema
Poisonous
Rashes

Piles
Itching
Ulcers

Skin Eruptions
Cuts and Burns
Ringworm

Pimples
Chapped Hands
Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 3/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists from the purest ingredients by The Vase Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

No Better Boots Were Made

The famous SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS, double sole and tongue, fully stitched and water-proofed, leather lined throughout, stamped, black or brown.

14/6 per pair, postage in extra 3 pence. See, postage in 6d. from 10/6.

Send for my FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Ladies', Gents' and Children's footwear—prices and quality CAN NOT BE BEATEN.

A GUARANTEE with every pair.

H. MUNDRI (Dept. J.R.), 16, Morgan St., Bow, London, E.C.1.



Smart in appearance.

£3:15:0

Ascending Cash Receipts! This amount buys outright a nearly new Government

tested Bicycle.

HEATH, R.E.A.,

JAMES, NUMBERS.

We guarantee that each and every part has been manufactured from specially tested material by the above makers.

Also brand new models of all

supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.



Money returned if not satisfied.

HEATH

CYCLE CO. LTD.

(Dept. V),

154, GRAY'S INN

ROAD, W.C.1.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

Supplies at these monthly.

For a Cheery Holiday

Whatever the weather, you can't have the blues if you take this cheery companion with you. Just out. GET YOUR COPY NOW.

PASSING SHOW

SUMMER NUMBER 6d.

COMPANY MEETING.
MOLASSINE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Presiding at the meeting of the Molassine Company, Ltd., held at Tunnel Avenue, E. Greenwich, Mr. John Prosser said the accounts showed a loss of £17,598, but those having any idea of the conditions prevailing in the feeding stuffs business during the year would not be surprised. All firms engaged in the manufacture of cattle food had had an anxious time, and where they had been dependent on that kind of business only, had shown very serious results. They were dependent to a very large extent on the sale of their principal products to farmers, who, during the last year had gone through a disastrous period. The weather was against them, the absence of rain last year caused decreased crops, and many of them had bought their farms at very high prices, and in many cases with borrowed money. The terrible effect of the foot-and-mouth disease also caused great anxiety and loss to stock-owners, and seriously depleted the number of animals in the country, consequently reducing the farmers' buying requirements. The report was unanimously approved.

For Sore, Tired, Tender Feet, Corns, Callouses, and all Bad Foot Troubles, use Hot Saltrated Water.

Grandmother's old-fashioned home treatment? Yes! but it is the one quick, sure, safe and painless way to permanently cure bad foot afflictions. Try it!

Good Advice to Dancers by
Mlle. YVONNE ARNAUD

"Dancing is always very, very bad for the feet. So, to dance well one must first learn to keep all foot troubles away, just as one must learn to breathe right before learning to sing. Such malheurs as corns and aches would make dancing painful to perform and not pleasant to see. This is why good dancers cannot afford to have bad feet, and so they do not have them. But why is it that so few others know how to take the right care of the feet, when it is so easy to keep them well and beautiful? Ordinary saltrated water quickly softens even the very deepest corns so they come right out, root and all, leaving only a tiny hole that soon closes," says a beautiful French dancer.



Photo: Foulsham & Beufeld.

The following extract from a recent interesting article explains how anyone can not only obtain perfect foot comfort immediately, but also keep the feet sound and healthy, exactly as professional dancers do.

"I am telling you a secret of the theatrical profession. You merely ask for half a pound of Reudel Bath Saltrated, easily obtained at slight cost from any chemist. A small handful dissolved in a foot bath medicates the water like at the famous Continental spas, and it is at once filled with oxygen which you can feel acting on the skin. I find it, Oh! so fragrant, refreshing and—invigorating is the word, is it not? When the feet are tired, aching or calloused and swollen from walking or dancing, a saltrated foot bath quickly relieves these and even more painful foot troubles. The skin becomes fresher, so clear and beautiful. C'est extra ordinaire."

Yvonne Arnaud

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Hope Deferred.

In reply to many enquirers, I do not think the time is ripe yet for speculative purchases of Rubber shares, unless the buyer is prepared to wait an indefinite time for results. I know the old saw that "When at the worst affairs will mend," but they may take a long while—and then that other saw comes in, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The Rubber market is probably at about its worst, but the market is heavily overstocked with the commodity, and is likely to remain so until we see a great revival in the world's trade.

The Wreck of the Grosvenor.

The other day I was asked my opinion of the Bullion Gold Syndicate. I did not offhand know what it was, but I gather now that it is a concern formed in South Africa, with a view to the recovery of treasure from the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, off Pondoland, in 1782. I don't think I can advise my readers to adventure any money in such a wild-cat scheme as this. Even charity begins at home.

Keep Off the Grass.

A month ago I deeply offended Lieut.-Col. J. H. Brown, D.S.O., O.B.E., by declining to approve of his outside broking business of James H. Brown, Ltd., and its organ the *Exchange & Stock Market Report*. To-day I fear I must incur further military odium by warning my readers to beware of Capt. W. G. F. Simmons, D.S.O., M.C., a partner in the firm of Williams, Simmons & Co., 85, Gracechurch Street, E.C. These people describe themselves as bankers and brokers. I could find another—and less polite—name for them, but I need not mention it here. These war honours run the risk of losing our respect.

The Morison Trust.

I have not yet heard from any reader who has succeeded in raising a loan from this concern, but I have heard from several who have been made to forfeit the bulk of the fees demanded for preliminary enquiries. Mr. H. W. Weston, the "Hon. Secretary and Treasurer" of the Trust, surely does not want me to suspect that he is only on the warpath for these preliminary fees!

Insurance and Building.

I continue to receive complaints, mainly from ex-Service men who have taken out policies in small insurance companies and building societies, and who cannot in these bad times withdraw their money. In most cases these difficulties arise through the policy-holder having given too little attention to the conditions when he joined. In others they appear to be the result of sharp practice on the part of agents. In any case, the companies and societies should construe their rules with generosity.

A. B. C.

The Aerated Bread Co. was formed as far back as 1862, and it has had wonderful dividend records to show in its time. Now, in its sixtieth year, it is still full of vigour, and is about to make an issue of £500,000 6½ per cent. Preference shares, with a view to further expansion. These shares, issued at 21s., should be attractive, but for investors of a speculative turn of mind I have little hesitation in recommending the £1 Ordinary, of which 1,250,000 are in issue, and which can be bought at about 33s. They strike me as possessing good scope both for dividends and capital appreciation. There are no debentures.

Those Marks Again.

People—I cannot call them readers—continually write to me enquiring whether they should not buy marks or roubles, "because they are now so cheap." They are not cheap. They may look it. My correspondents may take it that the Germans are very pleased to sell their debased paper for good British sterling. With the latter they can meet their attenuated reparation payments. The paper marks they can repudiate at any time. Why should any British man or woman help to pay the German indemnities? That is, to put it plainly, all they are doing when buying marks.

Good Health!

It is good to see the iron and steel trades bucking up and the figures of unemployment going down. These are portents of the greatest moment, and should cause our commercial Dismal Jemmies to pause and think. Another point on which we may congratulate ourselves is that, reparations or no reparations, this country is now in a position to take in hand the payment of its war debt to the United States of America. It is true that the task is only rendered possible by fierce taxation, but the country is tackling the problem manfully and its credit abroad is steadily advancing, while that of every other country is going down.

Clouds with a Silver Lining.

We are not speaking of the weather, but of those dark clouds which hover over the home in time of fire or accident. Such clouds are quickly dispersed when there is a claim to be registered in JOHN BULL'S Free Home Insurance. Could you dispel the gloom in this fashion? If not, register to-day.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

4.—Living Twenty-four Hours a Day

THE nobility of labour has been often sung; indeed, in circumstances of comfort it is not difficult for a really great brain to lash itself into a fine frenzy of enthusiasm about the dignity of work. How to make a practical poem of twenty-four hours of working life has, however, been too much neglected, with the result that for millions of hard-working people labour presents itself, not as an essential part of life, but as something to be at the best avoided, or, at the worst endured.

The joiner fashioning some fine piece of woodwork, well designed and executed in good material, can hardly fail to rejoice in his artistry. The journalist reading a proof of his cleverly conceived "story" may be as happy as a robin contemplating the nest he has fixed up in an old boot. This is the sort of job your poet has in his mind when

he pens rhapsodies about the joys of labour.

But, unfortunately, modern work, the maintenance of the machinery of a complex civilisation, calls for the performance of tasks which are merely arduous and monotonous.

I will name as an illustration of such tasks the punching in a bicycle rim of the holes which receive the ends of the spokes. Imagine a young girl standing at a punching machine moving her arm up and down all day as though its flesh and blood had become an integral part of the punch. Let the poet contemplate this picture, and then to the writing of a sonnet with what appetite he may.

Work is largely contemplated not as life, but as a deduction from life, so that eight hours of it leaves sixteen only out of the twenty-four in which to live, and as eight of these are needed for sleep, the twenty-four

hours become reduced to eight. Who shall give back life in its fullness to those who do the work of the world?

I give the only answers I know of which can be given in the present imperfect conditions:—(1) Shorter hours of labour in monotonous occupations. (2) Spells of intermission during which the monotonously employed worker can either rest or play. (3) Frequent changes from one such occupation to another. (4) Introducing music and reading aloud in suitable cases. (5) Giving the worker an interest in the final production, that he may understand the relation of his bit to the whole. (6) Last, but not least, giving the worker an interest in the control and arrangement of the work. I hope that number 4 will not be considered too funny; it has actually been successfully adopted in the Cuban cigar factories.

WAKE-UP, BRISTOL!

by Our Special Commissioner

THE Bristolian seems to me to be a "happy-go-lucky-come-day-go-day-God-send-Sunday" sort of mortal, who overflows with the milk of human kindness and has little thought for the morrow. They are charming people to live with, but, in my opinion, they are more or less in a rut and seem likely to stay there.

Some years ago when, for journalistic purposes, I was passing Christmas Day in a common lodging-house in Gloucester Lane, I remarked to a fellow-lodger that I had walked about Bristol all the preceding night without coming across a single homeless person.

"Well, yeh mus' be a piecan teh be wi'out yeh kjp-money in Bristol," he said contemptuously. "All yeh wants here is two lead-pencils an' a 'awker's licence an' yeh can live like a ——— dook."

A local tradesman, told me that one of his best customers was a mendicant, who confided to him that he "earned" five pounds a week by "working" two or three days.

There are as many as twenty-two sets of almshouses within the city limits, and the available income, from endowments alone, for the relief of the poor exceeds thirty thousand pounds a year. Yet, in

normal times, three persons in every hundred of Bristol's population receive parish relief.

This is much above the general average for the kingdom, and I believe—I have not the figures before me and speak from memory—above the average of any other large town. It seems to me to be clear that the conditions in Bristol foster pauperism.

It is strange that I should have to say, after this, that the scale of relief for the unemployed is the lowest I have yet met with. One of the Guardians explained this to me by saying that it had been found that men would not take the trouble of signing on at the Labour Exchange if they could get an equal amount from the Guardians, and that, consequently, local rates were bearing a national charge.

I noticed when walking about Bristol that the police, while ably regulating traffic at all crossings, never seem to direct their attention to the safety of foot passengers.

Also it was brought to my notice, and I found on investigation that it was so, that most of the working-class dwellings in the Southville, Totterdown, and Knowle districts have no flushing arrangements for the domestic conveniences.

Wake up, Bristol!

LONDON'S DEMON BARBERS

Fleeing the Greenhorns

WE all know the barber as a loquacious fellow, but there are many of his fraternity in these days who are utilising their ready tongues to swindle their customers in a barefaced manner. We refer to the very prevalent type of hairdresser existing in London who forces on unsuspecting customers all manner of clap-trap face massages, scalp treatments, lotions, shampoos and similar quackeries.

The Strand is the happy hunting ground of these modern Sweeney Todds. They prey on visitors from the provinces and others innocent of their methods. We heard of a case recently of a barber who runs a shop of modest appearance near Charing Cross. He inveigled a customer, whose brogue betrayed him as from the provinces, into a hair cut, a dry shampoo, a face massage and a singe, for which he was charged the swindling fee of a guinea. The dupe refused to pay, and the protesting barber eventually reduced his demand to ten shillings and sixpence. Even then the customer had paid heavily through the nose. A dry shampoo, for which a catchpenny barber charges anything up to half-a-crown, in reality costs in the vicinity of a penny. Half-a-guinea is cheerfully extorted for the comparatively use-

less face massage, which consists of placing hot towels on the face and operating an electrically vibrated piece of rubber over the skin after the application of cream that in several cases has proved to be of such poor quality that it is harmful. And so the game goes on, and the best part of a pound goes into the barber's pocket in return for half an hour of chicanery.

Where hair lotions and creams are concerned, the juggling barber is in the running with the quack doctor who stridently proclaims his wares in tinted bottles in the market place. The elastic price of these commodities exceeds even that of the barber's extremely adaptable price list that seldom exists outside his own mind. Anything up to a guinea is charged for an ornate bottle of mysterious liquid described as scientific hair-restorer.

It is well that provincial visitors should be warned against the trickery of barbers who operate in unostentatious establishments that are likely to attract the customer who imagines that he will save expense by not patronising more luxurious establishments.

The barber, of course, describes his catchpenny swindling as smart salesmanship. We prefer to call it barefaced robbery.

THE SURGERY OF THE FUTURE

Legalising a Substitute for the Knife

by SIR HERBERT BARKER

HUMAN nature clings tenaciously to the old and the established. The learned professions are innately conservative; especially is this true of the medical profession.

In the past most of the great men—Harvey, Pasteur, Lister and Brown of Edinburgh, to mention a few—were howled down when they advanced new ideas.

So has it been with manipulative surgery. Until quite recently bone-setting or manipulative surgery has been regarded as specious quackery; its exponents have been dubbed "impudent impostors," "quacks." No efforts were made to examine the evidence one way or the other: it was sufficient that the exponents of the new surgery were not men of the medical schools.

WHAT, then, is the claim made for this new method of surgery without bloodshed?

Briefly, it is this. That, without recourse to the knife, certain injuries of the joints and muscles are remediable by manipulative methods alone. The surgeon's hand replaces the surgeon's knife. Within a limited and well-defined field, it is claimed that the manipulative surgeon has accomplished what the orthodox surgeon with

his paraphernalia of instruments has failed to do.

And, strangely enough, when the virulent opposition of the profession in the past is remembered, it is from its leaders to-day that evidence of the efficacy of these methods is forthcoming.

Mr. Walter Whitehead, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., one-time President of the British Medical Association, Sir Henry Morris, Sir Alfred Fripp, Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, Sir Joseph Skerington, and many other leaders of the profession are now wholeheartedly for the recognition of manipulative surgery.

SOME of these eminent men have been converted by cures effected under their own eyes. And it must be remembered that they approached the subject with biased minds. Among the hundred thousand and more cases which have been successfully treated by manipulative methods after the failure of the surgeon's knife, may be mentioned those of Jack Tyldesley, the Lancashire bat; Simpson-Hayward, the lob bowler; Pritchard, the Welsh International; the Marchioness of Exeter, after eighteen years of suffering; the widow of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, the founder of St. Dunstan's, and Lord William Cecil.

The profession, whilst generally admitting that manual dexterity has beaten the knife, still fights shy of according complete recognition to the bone-setter. The doors of the hospitals remain closed to him. Surgeons bring cases that have baffled them to be treated by the bloodless method of surgery; but until recently they did so without advertising the fact.

Some idea of the attitude of the profession towards this subject may be gleaned from the case of Dr. Axham.

Dr. Axham was early convinced of the efficacy of manipulative surgery. He went so far as to defy professional etiquette by administering anaesthetics for the purposes of manipulative operations. He was called to book; he refused to cede an inch of the ground which he had so courageously taken, and suffered expulsion. He was driven from the profession he adorned, branded as one guilty of "infamous conduct."

TO-DAY, Dr. Axham, a man of 82 years of age, whose life has been a shining example of selfless courage, remains under the stigma of that expulsion.

What of the future?

Victory will not be complete until this branch of the healing art is placed upon a legal basis. It

can be done only by Act of Parliament.

The most satisfactory solution, and the most practical proposition, is that of a special course in manipulative surgery in the medical schools. Here students with some aptitude for this work could be given a four years' training, just as is done to-day in the case of the dental surgeon. This course would lead to a diploma and licence to practise.

It has been suggested that the faculty for manipulative surgery is one which cannot be taught. Professor Openshaw suggests that just as Paganini, the great violinist, possessed some unique quality whereby he could do things with his violin impossible to any other executant, so the natural-born manipulative surgeon's hands were possessed of a similar cunning.

That view is not tenable.

Manipulative surgery, based upon sound knowledge of anatomy, may be taught to any number of students, given a natural aptitude. There is not, and has never been, anything secret about it.

All that the manipulative surgeon asked for was a fair hearing. That has come.

Now, there remains the practical question of giving legal status to the new branch of surgery without the knife. May it come soon!



John Bull's Letter Bag

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Greater Love—." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

LONELY BOY (Leeds).—"How can I get into correspondence with a nice girl?" Through the post.

BERTIE (Teignmouth).—"What is the unwritten law?" Something which isn't written and isn't law.

MILLCENT (Harrogate).—"My husband objects to my using powder." Perhaps he is afraid of you getting all puffed up.

AIR RAID (Grimsby).—"I have invented a four-inch anti-aircraft gun which I would like the Government to see." Post it to them.

J. L. K. (Bournemouth).—"My husband is keeping another woman. Is this right?" If you don't know, who should? See a solicitor.

MILDRED (London, S.W.1.).—"See an osteopath. We have known scores of people suffering as you who have been instantly relieved by osteopathy."

BERTHA (Anglesey).—"The enclosed advertisement speaks for itself." As you did not enclose the advertisement, a dead silence reigns about your letter.

MORAL (Cheshire).—"I have taken snuff since I was a boy of eighteen. My father took snuff, my grandfather and all my uncles took snuff. I have three cousins—" S'nuff said.

TRAVELLER (Ostend).—"The prices here are still something fierce." As you are staying in the very best hotel, we can't see that you have any cause for complaint.

ALICE (Zurich).—"It is amusing to hear of the cold damp weather in England. It is blazing hot here." It may amuse you, but we haven't laughed for a week.

MERRYMAN (Luton).—"We are not particularly interested in the question of the sale of Honours." Probably that is why Members of Parliament are so enthusiastic on the subject.

BARGAINS (Brighton).—"My suspicions are aroused when I see a bargain sale advertisement." What an uncomfortable person you must be to live with!

ACTRESS (Marylebone).—"Why do these undesirable women always describe themselves as 'actresses'?" We do not know. Probably for the same reason that undesirable men describe themselves as "journalists."

BINNIE (Godalming).—"Is it easy to write stories?" It is much easier to tell lies, and the firm which wrote to you promising to make you an experienced author in a month is an expert in the latter direction.

GREATHEART (Carlisle).—"Why should Shortt be elevated to the Bench?" Because he is Shortt.

LAW COURTS (London, E.C.).—"Only the rich go to law." We do not agree. All the fools in the world aren't rich.

MRS. X. (Leicester).—"My husband has had a child by another woman." Extraordinary fellow! It is about time the men had a turn.

ERNIE (Stratford).—"I want to start a matrimonial agency, and I don't know how to go about it." Consult the nearest Mormon.

PROHIBITIONIST (Halifax).—"The lion doesn't drink beer; he drinks water." So does the common-or-garden jackass.

ALLAN LACKEY (Dundee).—"The workers here are in a sad state of discontent." That is not peculiar to the workers of Dundee, Lackey.

FENNYDALE (Exeter).—"What about this water famine we heard so much about?" We believe that the Sahara farmers are still complaining about the dryness of the climate.

MARTHA (Leeds).—"I am bitterly disappointed that long skirts did not come into fashion as promised." We didn't make any promise. What's the matter with your legs, Martha?

A WIFE (Tooting).—"It is humanly impossible for a woman to manage a home on six pounds a week." Dear lady! Hundreds of thousands of women are managing on a third of that.

OLD BOY (Henley).—"Many of the costumes seen here last week were positively indecent. I counted forty-eight." You seem to have had a pretty good look at them. Shame on you!

RESIDENT (Oxford Street).—"Why don't the people who are brightening London have donkeys for the children to ride in the park?" You have got things a little mixed, Resident. Brightening London does not mean Brightening London.

WANT TO KNOW (Marlborough).—"How do you pronounce Dean Inge's name?" Ing—so that it rhymes with "sing"—don't make it rhyme with "singe." Lord Lascelles' name is pronounced "Lassies"—it almost rhymes with "vassals."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL (Pall Mall, S.W.).—"If only a few of the Labour leaders were shot, we should have tranquillity in the country." Don't be stupid.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, as they are liable to be mislaid. Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

NOVEL READER (Colchester).—"I read six hundred books last year." Whilst mother did the washing, we presume.

HERCULES (Stroud).—"I can lift four hundred pounds with my teeth." That is more than Hercules ever did. He only lifted things with his hands.

WEST RIDING (Yorkshire).—"Why do Yorkshiremen eat cheese with apple tart?" Because they know what is good for them. Why do you eat bread with butter?

ELLEN (Southampton).—"Women are being turned out of all the jobs to make room for men. Isn't this disgraceful?" No, Ellen, we can't say that it is.

BILLIE (Belfast).—"You have done yourself a lot of harm in Belfast." We have not noticed it. Our sales are steadily increasing in that delightful health resort.

MISERY (Swanage).—"I have cried for hours, but my husband takes no notice." He must be a very patient man, and you are a very lucky woman to be still alive.

UNDER DOG (Maidenhead).—"The other employees are jealous of my superior education. I treat them with contempt." You must be a very nice little fellow to work with.

L. B. (Glasgow).—"I have been offered ten pounds a week for life on payment of five hundred pounds." We advise you to consult the police before you part with your £500.

CHURCH WORKER (Wimbledon).—"My wife does not like children, and she wants me to get our little baby boy adopted." We should advise you to get your wife adopted. That kind of woman isn't worth troubling about.

JILTED (Woodcot).—"I think a man should have the right to bring a breach of promise action against a girl who throws him over." Men have that right. Only those who are not quite men, however, take advantage of their privilege.

WELDER (Wednesbury).—"Some of the people here forget that they were drawing eight pounds a week for years whilst we were fighting on a bob a day." But think of the income tax the poor fellows had to pay.

TOMMY AND JACK (Arbroath).—"You are doing a wonderful work if you only knew it." The curious thing is that we do know it. Yes, we also know that Harry Lauder worked at Arbroath as a boy.

K. L. (Peterborough).—"I like a man with a past." From the tone of your letter, we judge you are looking for a man with a present.

MASCOT (Wimbledon).—"I hate to see women driving motor-cars." That isn't fair. Men should not have the monopoly of bad driving.

PACIFIER (Carliff).—"Isn't it possible to legislate war out of existence?" Just as possible as it is to legislate maternity out of existence.

CYNIC (Chelmsford).—"I do not believe in your so-called charity." And we have a mighty poor opinion of your so-called intelligence.

LILY B. (Folkestone).—"My husband has deserted me, but unfortunately I have never been married." Therefore, Lily, technically, you have never been deserted.

NEW BROOM (Reading).—"I have heard that countries which were not conquered by the Romans are still in a semi-barbarous condition. Will you tell me one?" Ireland.

CYCLIST (Dorking).—"Evidently some of your correspondents have never thrown a leg over a wheel." Our correspondents are much more of leg-pullers than leg-throwers.

LITTLE WILFRED (Harrington).—"I heard the word 'chanter' used the other day. What does it mean?" It is a cant term applied to people who sing in the streets.

TRAVELLER (York).—"Give me good old Yorkshire pudding and roast beef in preference to Continental cookery." We are not in a position to give it to you, but we quite approve of your getting it.

IRISH WAYS (Dublin).—"None of the rebels was killed in the attack on Four Courts, and four million pounds' worth of damage has been done—to capture twenty men!" We repeat, "God Save Ireland!"

FED UP (Wandsworth).—"By the same post I received notification from the Guardians that I am to have outdoor relief, and a claim from the Income Tax people for £60!" We print this little tragic comedy without comment.

NEGLECTED WIFE (Clovelly).—"Many of your grievances seem to us to be very trivial, and either you are a difficult person to get on with, or else you suffer from delusions. See a doctor rather than consult a solicitor."

BATHING BELLE (Bexhill).—"Some of the people who rave about the immodest bathing girl never bathe at all, modestly or otherwise." Now that you mention it, we have never seen ex-Councillor Clark disporting himself in the briny.

FAIRPLAY (Hounslow).—"They are bringing French flowers to England by aeroplane, and British growers are almost ruined." That is one of our funny little ways. Not very long ago a cargo of German coal was unloaded at Newcastle!

CINDERELLA (Watford).—"What effect has the moon upon the weather?" None whatever. It is one of the most popular fallacies that moon changes influence weather conditions. There is nothing in it.

FILM FACK (Golders Green).—"I am considered very pretty, but I photograph badly." Then you are no use for film work, dear child. It isn't what you are, it is what you look like, that counts in film-land.

M. J. T. (Kettering).—"We have so far paid out this year seven 'Bullets' Prizes of £1,000 each. All prizes are dispatched to reach their respective prize-winners on Wednesday, the day of publication of each 'Bullets' result."

(More replies on page 26.)

REAL TROUBLE

is not tightness of money. You can talk to your friends about that. It isn't the trivial difficulty which crops up in the lives of everyone of us from day to day. Real Trouble is that of which a woman or a man never

speaks. It is the skeleton in their cupboards. Write to "Humanist," and tell him what you would not tell your best friend. He will answer your letter personally. Address him: "Humanist," JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

BOTTOMLEY

SPARKLING WINE

AND

SPARKLING EYES

MORE SENSATIONAL REVELATIONS

IN NEXT SUNDAY'S

NEWS^{OF}_{THE} WORLD

The 3,000,000 Sale Sunday Paper

Everybody is talking about this amazing series by Bottomley's Private Secretary and Confidant, H. J. HOUSTON, O.B.E. Get your "News of the World" early. Last Sunday's Copies at a premium

Don't Miss

No. 2

20 Long Complete
Stories for 1/-No. 1 of the "20 STORY" was
out of print within a few days
of publication.And no wonder! Never before
has one shilling purchased such
a wonderful budget of splendid
fiction.Here is the ideal Magazine or
Holiday reading. T-W-E-N-T-Y
long complete stories—tales of
love, romance, humour and ad-
venture in abundance.But—be warned in time—get
No. 2 before it is sold out.The finest
Fiction value in
the World.

MAGAZINE

20 SPLENDID STORIES—ONE SHILLING

The people to
watch this Summer.

Note the people who read "PAN"
in your railway carriage—they are
good judges of fiction—too good to
be enticed into buying a magazine
just because there is a display of great
names on the cover. "PAN" puts
the merit of the story before the
reputation of the author. It is the
best fiction magazine on the Book-
stalls. Take it with you on your
holidays.

PAN

THE FICTION MAGAZINE.

15 Stories for One Shilling.
The Best Holiday Companion.VALUE
FOR MONEY

by H. G. SAWARD

(Saward Baker and Co., Ltd.)

THE principle of guaranteeing
goods advertised in your
columns is a good one,
because it helps along the growing
confidence of the public in adver-
tising.

Goods sold under a brand or
maker's name do not depend upon
a big profit here and there at
uncertain intervals, but upon the
regular, increasing demand created
by the ever-widening circle of
satisfied customers.

Moreover, the increased demand
for advertised goods means cheaper
production; a saving which is
returned to the public in better
value or lower prices.

For this reason advertised goods
must render better value for money
than similar unadvertised products.

The solid worth of widely adver-
tised goods can be proved by the
way they hold their market.

The Shop Window.

Among the many letters of thanks we
have received from those who have
benefited by carrying out the directions
given in our Advertisement Guarantee
was one from Mrs. Reilly, of Kirkcaldy,
enclosing a four-leaf shamrock and
wishing us luck.

The North Bucks Direct Trading
Company offer a splendid folding
card table for 7s. 6d., carriage paid,
and will send their catalogue of
other useful articles post free.

It is difficult to show value in an
illustration, and we would warn our
readers against buying sports coats at
the absurd prices offered by little-known
firms. The 30s. sports coat sold by
S. A. Barry and Co., is wonderful value
and though, like all other trade adver-
tisements it is backed by our guarantee,
they offer 2s. 6d. additional compensation
if it is not satisfactory and is returned.

D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., offer a hand-
some little enamel case containing
their toilet preparations, sufficient to
last many week-ends.

Cycles offered by the Hearn Cycle
Co. are remarkable value, and they are
willing to supply on the instalment
plan, 10s. monthly.

The funny little figure of the Super-
Knut in Sharp's Toffee advertisements
largely owes its popularity to the
qualities which have made Chaplin
famous; another case of advertising
winning a great success when it is
behind an excellent product.

John Needham offer women's Ward
Shoes at 8s. 6d. per pair.

Messrs. A. Bates and Co., of 132-6,
Fleet Street, E.C., are the sole con-
tractors for the turf advertisements
which appear on the sports pages.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

FRIENDLY WIDOW (Lanark, N.B.).—
"I am one of the few women who
like men's society." Where did you
get that "few" from?

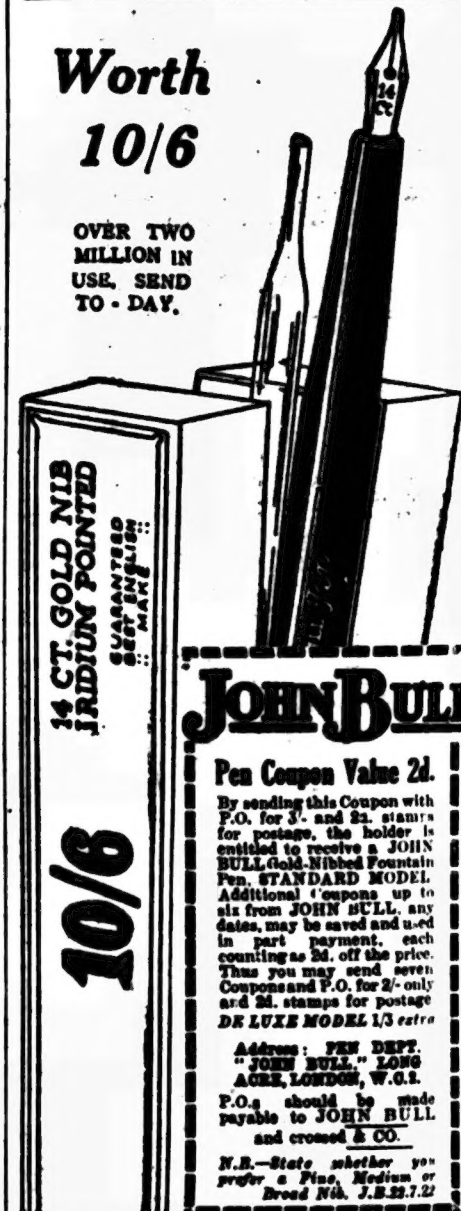
TEMPERAMENTAL (Chelsea).—"The
artists of England are the most under-
paid professionals in the country."
And some of them are the most in-
artistic.

JOHNNY (Wolverhampton).—"Most
of the big football clubs started as
speculations." We are surprised at you,
Johnny; they mostly started as Church
or Sunday School clubs.

ELEGANCE (Bayswater).—"Is a
white waistcoat *de rigueur* when ladies
are present?" We are not strong
on social etiquette, but we imagine
that it would be considered very un-
conventional—not to say very dangerous
—to leave off your waistcoat on cold
days, whether ladies are present or not.

GOLDEN WAY (Beccles).—"Who was
the English statesman who said, 'If the
people can't eat bread, let them eat
biscuits'?" The "English statesman"
was a Frenchwoman—Queen Marie
Antoinette—and the biscuits were cake,
otherwise you're right.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Worth
10/6OVER TWO
MILLION IN
USE, SEND
TO - DAY.

JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with
P.O. for 3s. and 2s. stamps
for postage, the holder is
entitled to receive a JOHN
BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain
Pen. STANDARD MODEL.
Additional coupons up to
six from JOHN BULL, any
dates, may be saved and used
in part payment, each
counting as 2d. off the price.
Thus you may send seven
Coupons and P.O. for 2s. only
and 2d. stamps for postage
DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra

Address: PEN DEPT.
"JOHN BULL," LONG
ACRE, LONDON, W.C.1.

P.O.s should be made
payable to JOHN BULL
and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you
prefer a Fine, Medium or
Broad Nib. J.B.22.7.22

"QUALITY
AND
FLAVOUR"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE UNDER
IDEAL
CONDITIONS

SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

JULY 22, 1934 SUNDAY GAMES

THE question of what to do on Sundays has at last been solved to some extent for Londoners by the decision to allow games to be played in the parks.

Even so, the space available will be insufficient, and there will still be hundreds of thousands of citizens deprived from healthy Sunday amusement.

There is one recreation, however, which cannot be interfered with. A pleasant and at the same time profitable Sunday afternoon may be spent either out of doors or in the home in the fascinating pastime of "Bullets."

Keen wits are all the equipment that is needed, and a few cleverly chosen words may bring you £1,000.

If you cannot play cricket or tennis on Sunday, don't sit and sigh but devote your mind to this great contest of skill.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 452.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

MR. G. GORDON

62, Beacon Hill Road, South-on-Trent:

Example:—SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Bullet:—HIGH FINANCE — LOW FRAUD.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

MR. J. W. WRIGHT

59, High Street, London, E.C.1.

Example:—WELCOME CHANGE.

Bullet:—COLLINS TIPS "SUNDAY'S KNIFE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

MR. J. GORDON

102, Stanley Street, Nottingham, Lincs:

Example:—A POLICEMAN.

Bullet:—WIMBURY RACES—LEAVING REMINDERS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

D. ROBERTSON, 134, Maryhill Road, Glasgow:

EYE TO BUSINESS—GOVERNMENT'S FIVE FINGER IN.

E. G. S. MORRIS, 142, James Street, Birmingham, Mon.:

WHAT SHE LIKES—THE TOBACCONIST STOCKS TO-DAY.

J. W. ROBERTS, 8, Urban Drive, Altrincham, Cheshire:

OLD SOLDIER — THREE VOLUNTEERS, GUTTER CONSPIRACY.

RUTH BAKER, 39, New Walk, Leicester:

MODERN NEWSPAPER—FOR LADIES "SPORTING LIFE."

S. S. SAUNDERS, 67, Summerfield Crescent, Birmingham:

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE—PUBLICITY OVER ONLY CURE.

A. JONES, 150, Peabody Buildings, Farringdon Road, E.C.1:

SNUG BERTH—AMERICA AGAINST AIR ATTACK.

T. KNIGHT, 210, Bradford Road, Ancoats, Manchester:

UPHILL—OFTEN "EXTRACTING OUR STOPS."

A. HUNT, 1, Bedford Road, Chelms, E.W.4:

SMART SET—OF LADIES, FURNISHES LUGGAGE.

MISS M. REA, 23, Robinson Street, Edgely, Stockport:

MOST UNPLEASANT WHEN—WITNESSES NUMBERED—OTHERWISE DAYS.

Mrs. A. ADAMS, 20, Saville Street, Ripleyville, Bradford, Yorks.:

SUCCESS AND FAILURE—ONE "INTERESTING" OTHER "SOMEONE."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

A. NEHERTON, 2, Welby Road, Leytonstone, E.11:

WHAT SHE LIKES—TEMPTING PROVIDENCE AND ESCAPING.

H. B. C. VITLER, 139, Albert Road, Southsea, Hants.:

WHEN CUPID CALLS—CAN'T ANSWER ON DOLL.

W. G. ARCHER, 28, Cobhill Buildings, Ebury Street, S.W.1:

WHEN SKY'S BLUE—GERMAN AIRCRAFT USED COMMERCIAL.

C. E. FINCH, 81, Creta Street, Oldham:

SKIN AND BONE—BATHING, THEN TEIN CROWN.

R. A. HAWKEY, West Rye, Lydd, Kent:

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—CARRY AWAYING NEWS-PAPER BOY.

S. HAINES, 104, Oxendon Street, Leicester:

PAYING TWICE—FINED AFTER SQUARING POLICE-MAN.

H. PEARSON (Staff), Mental Hospital, Brentwood, Essex:

MARRIAGE VOWS—EVIDENTLY WOMAN DIDN'T DRAFT.

A. V. GREGORY, 27, Edward Street, Cardiff:

SNUG BERTH—REASON SHE WON'T MARRY.

T. BROWN, 21, Plumstead Road, S.E.18:

TACTICS—ARBITRATOR ONLY REMITTING QUARREL.

J. M. DOBBIE, 45, Bridge Street, Leith:

IF WEALTHY—MORE SHAME TO LAWYERS.

LIST OF TEN-SHILLING PRIZES:—In "Bullets" Competition No. 452 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all cash and other prizes can be seen at the Office of "JOHN BULL."

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 454.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE
AT MY EXPENSE
THE GOVERNMENT'S MOTTO
OUR AIR FORCE
IN THE CLOUDS
SCALES OF JUSTICE
BLACK SHEEP
WHEN FATHER BATHES
IN BROADMOOR
THE OTHER CHAP
IF BOLES CONTINUE
STICKING
ROCKING THE BOAT
FOUR ACTOR
SAFE AND SOUND
WHEN THEY ARE MARRIED
SPARRING PARTNER
MY DEAR WIFE
IN DAYS GONE BY
WHAT MOTHER SAID
OUT FOR SPORT
OFFICE HOURS
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
MOST TEMPTING WHEN
CHURCH COLLECTION
STUMPED
BIG AND LITTLE
READY WHEN NEEDED
HOLIDAY RUSH
TAKING TOO MANY
MODERN SCHOOL
RAISING THE DUST
WHAT WE CAN'T GET
SEANIDE PIERROT
MERRY AND BRIGHT
SPOILT DARLING
SUNDAY BEST
BOARDING-HOUSE BED
CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN
NEIGHBOUR'S BABY

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE

£1,000

BEST LITERARY SKILL COMPETITION

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd PRIZE

£50

10 PRIZES

£2.10

100 PRIZES

5/-

3,000

For 100 Prizes

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIRE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 27.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(454) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 27.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(454) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 454, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, July 27.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(454) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

Closing Date, Thursday, July 27.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(454) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed

Address

OUR SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES.—Coupons for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 454 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

£1,400 IN CASH PRIZES
AND 5,000 OTHER PRIZES MUST BE WON!

Sent on Trial to Prove It.

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors,
at the TRANSLATION OFFICE, No. 7, MARK LANE.
Advertisement Office, No. 1, Old Bailey.